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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

The Standard.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Extracted from a Report made to the Legislature of New-York, 1841.

Of the comparative effects of the punishment of death and other penalties to restrain from crime, Mr. Bradford, formerly attorney-general of Pennsylvania, writing in 1795, says: "The experience of America does not contradict that of Europe. Crimes which are capital in one State, are punished more mildly in another; and in the same State offenses which were formerly capital, are not so at present. Such are those of horse-stealing, forgery, counterfeiting bills of credit or the coin, robbery, burglary and some others; but I cannot learn that these crimes have been better repressed by the punishment of death than by a milder penalty. Horse-stealing has always been treated like the other kinds of simple larceny, in New England and Pennsylvania; in all the other States southward of Maryland, it is a capital crime. In the latter States the offense seems to be as common as in the former; and if the severity of the punishment has any beneficial effect, my inquiries have not been able to ascertain it. On the contrary, I have the best authority for saying, that in Virginia the effect is so feeble, that of all crimes this is the most frequent. New-Jersey has made the experiment fairly. At first it was a felony of death; in 1769 the law was repealed; it was again revived in 1780; but after a few years' experience, the legislature was obliged to listen once more to the voice of humanity and sound policy. The unwillingness of witnesses to prosecute, the facility with which juries acquitted, and the prospects of pardon, created hopes of impunity which invited and multiplied the offense.

"In the case of forgery the balance is clearly on the side of the milder punishment. It is capital in New-York, but it is not so in Pennsylvania; and in the latter State there have been fewer convicted of this crime than in the former. It is natural that it should be so; for the public sentiment revolting against this severity, very few were executed: and the mischief became so apparent, that the late attorney-general thought it his duty to present a memorial to the Assembly, and to recommend a milder punishment than death. Another fact deserves notice. Bank bills have been several times forged in the State of New-York; but in Pennsylvania this crime has never been committed; although the act which made it capital at first, was repealed seven years ago. Counterfeiting the continental bills of credit and uttering them knowingly, were, as far as I can learn, much more frequent in this State, where they were capital, than in Connecticut where they were not. . . . In the space of two years, while such bills were current, there were eighteen persons tried for these crimes, of whom eleven were convicted. This is nearly equal to all the other instances of forgery not capital, that have occurred in the long term of fourteen years. Robbery, burglary, and the crime against nature, were formerly punished with death in this State: since 1786, they have been as effectually restrained by the gentler penalties of imprisonment and hard labor. The experience of Maryland, and also of Connecticut, where a similar system has been adopted with regard to the two first of these crimes, is said to establish the same fact. . . .

The crime of arson extends only to the wilful burning of a dwelling-house, certain public buildings, or a barn having hay or corn therein. Every other species of property may be maliciously destroyed by fire, without incurring the forfeiture of life. Hence, ships and other vessels in harbor or on the stocks, hay and grain in stack or barrack, magazines of arms and provisions, storehouses of every description, mills, theatres, and distilleries, are not protected by these high terrors of the law: and to burn *them* is considered merely as a misdemeanor at common law. Here, then, is a fair opportunity for comparison. Has the milder punishment encouraged these malicious crimes; or has the terror of death, hung up on high, deterred offenders from the crime of arson? The following fact will answer the question. *Since the revolution twelve persons have been indicted for the crime of arson; and only two for any other species of malicious burning!*"

In 1819, robbery with a dangerous weapon was made capital in Massachusetts. On a revision of the statutes of that State in 1805, it had been made punishable by perpetual imprisonment. "Within about three years after its enactment," says Mr. Rantoul's report in 1836, "three persons suffered the penalty. . . . Thus this statute very soon obtained, if it did not create, victims. . . . Neither have your committee been able to discover any evidence that this crime was more frequent during the fourteen years between 1805 and 1819, while it was not capital, than it has been for the sixteen years since it was made capital. There is reason to believe that it has been quite as frequent during the latter period as the former, notwithstanding the general prosperity of the country, and the great increase of benevolent and highly successful efforts to promote temperance, good education and morality. Indeed, we can find no indication that this crime was more common for the one hundred and thirty-three years when the first offense was not capital, reckoning from 1642, than in the sixty years when it was punished with death. . . . In France, capital punishments do not diminish the number of murders, which in 1831 amounted to 267, while the average of five preceding years was only 227. In Pennsylvania and Ohio, where murder is the only crime punished with death, the other five crimes capital with us* are 'as rare as any where in Christendom.' In Maine four of these offenses have ceased to be capital, with such favorable results, that no one proposes to go backward, but there is a strong disposition to abolish all capital punishments. In New Hampshire, where they punish only murder and treason with death, the proportion of convicts to the State prison to the population, is only one in 12,208, while in Massachusetts, with six capital crimes, it is one to 8,016. In Tuscany, while there were no capital punishments, there were twelve times that number in a single year, death being the penalty. Under the stern severity of the British law, crimes have increased in fourteen years as 24 to 10,—that is, more than doubled! Of 167 convicts under sentence of death, Mr. Roberts found that 164 had attended public executions. A punishment cannot be necessary to repress the crime of murder, which has not the same tendency to repress it as milder punishments. *A punishment cannot be necessary which fosters the propensities which occasion murder.*"

* * * * * *

The strongest objection against the punishment of death has not been stated, in the mere demonstration of its inefficacy, comparatively with that of perpetual solitary incarceration, to deter from crime. The truth goes much farther. While designed to guard the security of life against the hand of the murderer, the tendency and operation of this terrible practice are in the very opposite direction; and the committee feel warranted in declaring their conviction, that *the executioner is the indirect cause of more deaths than he ever punishes or avenges.*

The demoralizing effect of public executions on the public mind, is a fact to which a testimony perfectly unanimous seems to be borne by all who have given the subject any consideration. We are saved all occasion for entering at any length into any of this testimony, by the solemn practical recognition of the truth in question by the State of New-York, involved in its abolition of the practice, in the year 1835. It has also been abolished by some of the other States of the Union. And why have we abolished it? Why, when the object of the law is to strike the public mind with the terror of its infliction, why have we denied that public access to the fearful spectacle of its infliction, instead of endeavoring on the contrary to congregate the whole community to witness the scene? The chief answer is, that it tends to harden and brutalize the hearts of men;* to give a rude shock to that natural instinct which prompts them to revolt at the idea of the cold and wilful infliction of death by man upon his fellow-man; by that shock to derange the action and to weaken the deep-seated strength of that instinct; and to send away from that field of blood, which has been thus darkened and accursed by the shadow of the gallows-tree, many a man far more ready than he came to yield to the temptations, that may beset him, to commit a murder to which he may be urged by any strong impulse of malignity or cupidity. "Away with this (cruelty) from the State!" is the exclamation of Cicero. "Allow it not, O judges! to prevail any longer in the commonwealth! It has not only the fatal effect of cutting off so many of your fellow-citizens in a most atrocious manner, but it hath even banished from men of the mildest disposition the sentiment of mercy, by the familiar practice of slaughter!"—"Every execution," says Dr. Lushington, in parliament, "brings an additional candidate for the hangman." "The most serious and intense reflection," says Mr. Livingston, "has brought my mind to the conclusion, not only that it fails in any repressive effect, *but that it promotes the crime.*" "Wo to society," exclaims Lepelletier, in his report to the National Assembly, "if, in that multitude which gazes eagerly on an execution, is found one of those beings predisposed to crime by the perverseness of their propensities! His instinct, like that of the wild beast, awaits perhaps only the sight of blood to awake,—and already his heart is hardened to murder the moment he is quitting the spot, wet with the blood which the sword of the law has shed."

An eloquent anonymous writer thus speaks on this point: "Public executions inspire spectators with a savage taste for slaughter. The thirst of blood which causes such wide desolation is consecrated by the example of the laws. *The prevalence of assassination and of warfare may partly be traced to the little value which legislators have set upon life.* The slaughter of one man in his dwelling is followed by that of his murderer upon the scaffold. The most tremendous and chilling ideas become familiar and unimpressive. Murder produces murder, death generates death; and the contagion of scaffolds is diffused through the life-blood of nations."

* * * * * *

"Very lately, in the State of Ohio," says Mr. Rantoul's report in 1836, already quoted, "on the day on which a man was executed for the murder of his wife, under circumstances of particular cruelty, another man, near the place of execution, murdered his wife in the same manner; and this is by no means the only instance where the crime seems to have been directly suggested by the punishment intended to prevent it."

The substitution of private for public executions does not affect the bearing of this argument, of their demoralizing tendency. The same influence must operate upon the public mind in the same direction, though perhaps not with the same force when, instead of the sight of the death-throes of the victim, by the actual senses of the gathered thousands, the public at large simply know the fact that at a certain day and hour, in the presence of a certain favored and limited number of persons, the same horrid tragedy is enacted within the walls of the prison. The effect here spoken of is doubtless considerably diminished in degree by the change; and that reform, as far as it went, was a very proper one. But it is merely a diminution in degree: and *all the arguments of policy and humanity which dictated to our legislation the abolition of the public spectacle of the execution of a fellow-creature, command us to go forward and consummate the same wise and humane movement thus begun, by the total abolition of the execution itself.*"

*A single illustration of this truth will alone speak volumes. The celebrated Volney, in a lecture at the Norman School at Paris, related how powerfully he had been affected, during a journey he had made in France, after the conclusion of the "reign of terror," by the spectacle of a crowd of children, who, in different provinces, amused themselves with guillotining cats and chickens, to supply the place of the executions which had become less frequent!

CHAUNCEY B. BLACK.

We copied some weeks ago from the New Orleans Picayune, a memorable article concerning this man.—The reader will recollect that he was agent of a Bible Society, and, in all sincerity of purpose, asked a slave "whether he could read and write? and whether he would take a Bible?" For this, he was indicted. Mr. Lowndes, a prominent member of the Bible Society, promised that a list of those to whom Bibles were to be offered should be first inspected by him; and declared that it was "opposed to his own feelings, and *contrary to the intention of the Society to furnish slaves with a Bible.*"

The Agent was discharged on the ground of previous good character, and no proof of evil intention. But he was significantly cautioned not again to bring himself in contact with southern institutions, or so to execute his duty "as to infringe on other rights, *as sacred to the community as religion itself.*

Time has been, when things of this kind were done without note or comment; but thanks to the efforts of abolitionists, such abominations can no longer be hidden in a corner. The news of them go abroad, and the echo is heard from all quarters of the world. The following comments on this transaction are from an Irish newspaper, called the Nenagth Guardian:

THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY AND THE THREE MILLIONS OF AMERICAN SLAVES.

We have heard and read much of the evils of slavery; but never have we, to our recollection, seen any thing more painfully illustrative of the system than the accompanying, which we extract from the *New Orleans Daily Picayune*, affords. We beg our readers to peruse it attentively. It affords abundant matter for reflection. The actors in this scene are not the scum of the population. *No!* they are evidently the leaders in good works—the "elite"—the professedly religious of the capital of the slave States—the promoters of Bible Societies—or rather, the originators of them. And what do we find is the language of those men, while they are stretching wide their arms of missionary enterprise—while they are seeking (for America is the land of missionary enterprise) to evangelize the Heathen? That they are *determined*, unblushingly and wilfully, to keep, so far as in their power lies, three millions at home, around them, in the darkest mazes of ignorance and unbelief. Yes, we beg our readers to ponder well on the unaffected surprise of the poor slave on being asked questions so extraordinary as "*Can you read or write, or would you take a Bible*"—things quite even beyond his thought or imagination—and on the declaration of Mr. Lowndes, on behalf of himself and his co-workers, that "*it never for a moment entered into the minds of the Society to present a single Bible to a slave.*" Shall we, then, hear with patience for the future, the black population of America accused of being idle and ignorant, when such pains are taken to make them so? Shall we cease to abhor, even from the very depths of our soul, the system which multiplies punishments for offenses committed by the colored man, while it will not allow him even to read the law? It is criminal in the eyes of southern religionists to be "tampering" with the slaves by asking them "would they take a Bible"—"*it never for a moment entered into the minds of the Society to present a single Bible to a slave.*" And this is the southern idea of supplying the "divine book" to the destitute, that not one of the three millions of the *Home Heathens* shall be allowed even a glimpse at the blessed *word*. Mark, too, the defense—*the able defense*—of the counsel; that the prisoner "*had suffered enough by his arrest, and by being brought before the public as he had been, in the newspapers.*" And for what crime? For, in the innocence of his heart, believing the black man had a soul; and that he should be enlightened in common with those whose skin the Creator had dyed a lighter hue. And, again, mark the *wily* counsel's defense, "that the question does not come within the power of the statute, which makes it punishable to do any act which would lead to insubordination among the slaves." And, then, the Recorder's humanity in—just for the sake of mercy and of the good character the prisoner bore—passing over the offense; but "*cautioning him against ever again bringing himself in contact with our institutions.*". But by what name that we call the odious, may we not add blasphemous sentiment of that functionary, when he warns the accused that "he must be cautious that he does not infringe on other rights, which are as sacred to the community as religion itself." What, we ask—and we *would* that we could ask it in a voice of thunder—are the rights which we are as dear to southern slaveholders as religion itself? Ah! had the truth been told, they are tenfold dearer—even the right to trample on their fellow-men—to rob, to tyrannize over, to chain, to manacle three millions of their fellow-men—to enact laws of tenfold severity, as punishment for crime in the colored men above the white, while they keep the former from catching even a glimmer of gospel truth—aye, or even from being able to read that law by which he is to be judged. But what shall we say to the Bible Society gentlemen? Nought but this!—that from the bottom of our soul we loathe such mockery of religion as that which, under the mask of enlightening the destitute, denies the right of manhood to the three millions of them, who will yet, we verily believe, stand in judgment against them! Well did the learned counsel caution that "the true policy for every one friendly to southern institutions to pursue, was to get up no excitement, nor create any unnecessary alarm." But mark the wicked addition, in which the slaveholding spirit breaks out through the cautiousness of the advocate, "*but to punish at the same time promptly and severely in every instance where there was evidence of guilt.*" But we tell the whole body of southern slaveholders, that it is in vain for them to keep their deeds of wickedness in darkness! We know them!—the finger of indignation is pointed against them and their vile system—the hollow professions of Republicanism avail them no longer!—they are pointed at as amongst the veriest tyrants of the earth!—their religion is held to be but as a hollow pretence—a wicked device—for they treasure with a demon grasp a system which is the offspring of Satan himself.

We have only to add that repent! repent! and make restitution to your bondmen, is our solemn warning to them, e'er it be too late! Think you that Divine vengeance will always be stayed?

* The crimes then in Massachusetts were murder, treason, rape, burglary, arson, and highway robbery.

Selections.

From the Genius of Liberty, (Illinois.)

THE IMPRISONED ABOLITIONISTS.

PALMYRA, (Mo.) Sept. 20, 1841.

Messrs. Editors,—Feeling that a few words from us, situated as we are, may do good, and increase the interest already felt for the poor *slave*, we beg the privilege of stating, through your paper, the *facts* respecting our condition—our *feelings*, and making such remarks as we see proper.

That we are in *prison* is generally known, but concerning the *why* we are here, various reports have gone abroad.

It is now almost ten weeks since we were cast within the thick walls of this prison, where we were confined with a very large chain; in which position we could move but little, and consequently have but little exercise.

On the day we were brought here, hundreds crowded around, and gazed, as if they were looking upon something wonderful. It was nearly a week before we could, by many entreaties, obtain a Bible, from which we might draw consolation.

We have been threatened, scoffed at, ridiculed—our prayers and praises *mocked* by men and *little children*. They have heaped upon us their taunts and reproaches. Men of influence have spoken against us. We have "been the song of drunkards," and looked upon as only fit for the gallows, or penitentiary, for life. Our friends have been denied coming in to see us, and the common privileges, allowed by law to prisoners, have been excluded from us—and all this for what? For endeavoring to imitate the good *Samaritan*—for stretching out our hands to help the poor—to render assistance to one who asked it—for loving our neighbor as ourselves—doing to others as we would have them do to us—for *acting out* the commands of our Saviour, and the spirit of the gospel—for doing our *duty*—"*for conscience toward God*"!!!—And this, too, in a professedly CHRISTIAN land, *religious* town, and under a sheriff who is a *professor* of *religion*—a *brother* in Christ!!

But though surrounded by enemies, and those who devise evil against us; though deprived of the privileges of the sanctuary, and of religious society; though looked down upon and despised; and though they have *exerted* themselves to harass and annoy us all they can; yet they have not been able to bar us from the mercy-seat; to keep us from having "fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ;" to keep from our hearts that "*peace* of God, which passeth all understanding;" "that joy in the Holy Ghost, which is unspeakable and full of glory." No! blessed be God, Heaven has been open to us—the throne of grace accessible; and the *Saviour* has been our Emanuel—our precious companion—the delight of our souls, and our *all in all*.

Books were brought by our friends, and our time has been employed in reading, prayer and praise. Time has passed delightfully away; the days, weeks, and months have been *precious, profitable, memorable*. To no part of our past life shall we look back with greater pleasure and joy, than upon the time spent *here*.

We felt, at the time the weapons of death were at our breasts—and while followed, or *driven*, by a crazy gang, with others, and fiendish yells, and threats, that we were in the kind hands of our Heavenly Father; that he would do perfectly right with us, and that which would be for the *best*—which feeling brought with it, that "*peace* which the world cannot give, nor take away."

The promises of God have been exceeding rich and precious. Our souls have feasted on them, and been strengthened.

Often, on the Sabbath, when attempting to worship our Redeemer, have a company of wicked men assembled in the room above, to swear, mock, gamble and carouse; but our hearts pitied them, and we felt to pray for them.

The grace of God has been sufficient for us, and in His love we have been enabled to rejoice. We have found him a *Refuge* for us; "a very *present* help in trouble." "The Lord is on my side: I will not fear: what *can* man do unto me?"

Our trial, which continued three days, was a scene never to be forgotten by those who attended. Crowds assembled from all parts of the country, to hear and behold, and to do whatever their master should direct. Six lawyers were engaged, three on each side. None of our witnesses were examined, because friends and *foes* supposed and acknowledged, that the testimony given by the witness *against* us, was sufficient to *defeat* them, and *clear* us. With this expectation, calculations and preparations were made to *mob* us, so soon as we should be cleared—and threats that "we should never get home alive," &c. made without fear or shame.

By our counsel, it was made as clear as a sunbeam, to the minds of nearly all, that we were *not* guilty of the crime charged against us, (*stealing*)—that we had *not* broken their *law*, because they have no law touching our case. But when the last prosecutor spoke, he very bunglingly and awkwardly *made* a law to fit our particular case, which took with the prejudiced minds of the jury, and passed for *law*—and they consequently brought in their verdict, contrary to evidence, and without law, of guilty; and a sentence of twelve years in the penitentiary. When the sentence was announced, a general shout and clapping of hands filled the court-house. And yet it is gravely said by the editors of this place—"They have had a *fair* and *impartial* trial." Here let every reader notice what is fairness and impartiality among *slaveholders!*—Let them mark what kind of an idea they have of justice—such an idea as Bishops Gardiner, Bonner, and other Catholic Bishops and Priests had and acted upon, in the persecutions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Every one who will not acknowledge *slavery*, and support it, but dares to speak *against* it, is a "*heretic*," not worthy to live; and is insulted, driven from the State, imprisoned or assassinated. Whether the religion of the slave States, is the same of Queen Mary and her adherents, we do not pretend to say; but affirm without fear of contradiction, that there is a very great similarity in the *fruits* of the two religions.

Does any one ask how we feel, in view of our sentence? We answer, happy, contented, cheerful; willing that God shall take us, and make us just such instruments of advancing His cause, as He sees best; being assured that our King will cause "the wrath of man to praise him;" and extend the great cause of *Liberty* by our unworthy sufferings.

We feel resolved, that whatever pleases our Redeemer, shall please us; we go with a *clear conscience*—with an unwavering confidence in our God; with pleasure, joy, and "peace, which is full of glory." May the Master of the vineyard raise up, in our stead, *thousands* who will not "hold their peace, but cry aloud and spare not."

We now call upon the friends of reason, of humanity, of *liberty*, to awaken and bestir themselves, and cease not to "cry aloud and spare not" against not only the cruelties and abominations of *slave States*, but against the *whole system* of oppression in our land—against the unjust, crushing, tyrannical, fiendish laws of the so-called free States.

We call upon you, in the name of the *slave*, and in the name of our Master, to give the Lord no rest, till he arise to drive from our land the *monster*—to give Legislators no peace, till they enact laws which shall protect the *poor* as well as the rich—the *black* as well as the white; to labor in every possible way, to do away the bitter prejudice, so prevalent; to cleanse the Church of this *foul stain*.

Slaveholders have made their boasts that the sentence passed on us, "will cool the abolition fever of the fanatics." We call upon you to show them *speedily* and *continuedly*, the effect such conduct has on the friends of the slave—not to *cool* them, but to *stir them* up to redoubled exertion and faithfulness. Let them see that they are only blowing the flame that will soon consume them, unless they repent; that they are heaping coals upon their own head.

"Awake, thou that sleepest!" The crisis is near. God is about to come, and blessed shall he be, who is found *watching* and *acting*. Farewell.

GEO. THOMPSON,
J. E. BURR,
A. WORK.

☞ Will those editors who love the slave, please to give the above an insertion.

From the Madison County Abolitionist.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

That there are 2,500,000 slaves in the United States. That these are bought and sold like cattle in the market. That in 1836, Virginia sold 60,000 of her own children, at a valuation of 24,000,000 of dollars.

Keep it before the People—That slavery has twenty-five representatives upon the floor of Congress, as the representatives of property.

Keep it before the People—That Ohio, under the old ratio of representation, with a free population of 200,000 more than Virginia, had two members less than Virginia.

Keep it before the People—That Pennsylvania, with a free population, equal almost to South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Kentucky, will have, according to the new ratio, say 60,000, twenty-eight representatives, while these States will have forty-three.

Keep it before the People—That New-York, with a population of 2,428,919, is to have forty representatives, while the thirteen slave States, with a free population of less than double that of New-York, will have ninety-seven representatives in Congress.

Keep it before the People—That the free population of the North, is 9,653,762; and will have on the floor of Congress, one hundred and forty-four representatives; while the South, with a free population of 4,812,873—less than one half—is to have ninety-seven! Whereas, if the ratio of representation was based upon free population only, their number would be 73.

Keep it before the People—That the distribution of the revenue, from the sale of the public lands, say $3,000,000 per annum, is made according to the electoral vote, instead of the free population. So that the slave States receive, for a free population less than half in number to those of the free States, twice as much of the revenue, in proportion to the population.

Instance—Free population of the free States, 9,653,762. Dividend, $1,815,026.

Free population of the slave States, 4,812,873. Dividend, $1,181,702.

The injustice of this division may be clearly seen when it is remembered that of the money thus distributed, the people of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, get to each inhabitant, 18 1-8 cents. while South Carolina gets 32 1-6; Georgia, 28; Alabama, 28; Louisiana, 28; Kentucky, 22; and Tennessee, 22 cents to each inhabitant. And thus ends the great "Distribution Bill" of the Whigs.

Keep it before the People—That this legislation of which so much is said in behalf of the party in power, is giving the South a *premium* for slavery. Not only tolerating it, but taking money belonging to hard working men of the North, to pay southern men for their institution.

Keep it before the People—That the surplus revenue was distributed in the same way, in 1837, and no protest was entered by any man on the floor of Congress.

Keep it before the People—That for forty out of forty-eight years, slavery has had a President from her own territory.

Keep it before the People—That for thirty out of thirty-six years, we have had a slaveholding Speaker in the House of Representatives, who has the appointment of the committees.

Keep it before the People—That since 1830, there have been five appointments to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, and every one from slave States.

Keep it before the People—That the District of Columbia is the greatest slave mart in the world; and that on the pages of its statute book, among other laws, bloody as death, stands unrepealed, the following, "A slave convicted of setting fire to a building, shall have his head cut off, and his body divided and hung up in the most public places."—[*See Laws of the District.*]

Keep it before the People—That such a law makes a *model* of our Republic, for Prince Metternich to laugh at, and to give his public criminals the choice of working in the State mines for life, or being banished to the United States; and to know that they choose the former.—[*See Brooks' Letters from Austria.*]

Keep it before the People—That from 1826 to 1828, six persons were sold for their jail fees, in the District of Columbia; and that on the 8th of February, 1836, eighty-two northern Congressmen voted "that Congress ought not, in any way, interfere with slavery in the District of Columbia." And,

Keep it before the People—That this horrid slave system, (to say nothing of the Christian governmental system that abets it and sacrifices all political professions to its dragon interests) is the pet of the religion of the country;—that the professed Christians of the country, who can with any convenience or gratification to themselves, and where the climate will admit of it, *hold slaves;* that their dedicated ministers own slaves; that their church organizations own human cattle—own their own individual members, and let out their bodies, the temples (as they profess) of the Holy Ghost, as a man lets out beasts of burden, to the speculators for hire; that the entire church of the country fellowships these enormities directly, or indirectly, as *Christian*—and excommunicates consistent opposition to them—frowns ferociously on the Christ-like movement on foot for the overthrow of these enormities—persecutes the anti-slavery advocate and curses him as an "Infidel"—denies him Sunday and the meeting-house, that he might speak to the people; and uses those terrible instrumentalities, which the people worship as gods, to reconcile them to a well regulated, and kindly administered slavery, and to inflame their prejudices against the abolitionists. In short "keep it before the people" that the very church and clergy of this "Christian Land' are nothing more nor less than "A GREAT BROTHERHOOD OF THIEVES."—*Editor Herald of Freedom.*

From the Cincinnati Republican.

SOUTHERN RIGHTS.

What do these words mean? What is the *idea* they express? We have asked these questions often of those who talk loudest upon the subject; and rarely have we been able to obtain a clear and satisfactory answer. Yet no words are of more frequent use, and, what is more, one would suppose from the manner of some, that it were sacrilege to debate the subject. It is important, then, to *know* what they mean, and, as we think we understand *something* about southern rights and southern feelings, too, we propose to speak briefly of both.

What are *Southern Rights?* Simply this, and nothing more:—*The rights secured to the South by law.* Whatever that guarantees to them, that they may claim, and that we are bound to yield. Is slavery tolerated by the Constitution? Then are we bound not to interfere with that institution. Does that Constitution direct us to deliver up any slaves that may escape from another into our State? Then it is our duty to do it. But in both instances, as in all instances, indeed, these rights accrue by the force of the Constitution. That therefore, is our guide. It defines these rights; and to it must we go to understand them.

This being the case, the South, as well as the North, being dependent on the Constitution and laws for our peace, and all that we are, an exact and honest observance of them is essential to our very existence. Does a mob show this observance? Do outbreaks grow out of the spirit which gives life to law, and stability to the Constitution? We know the contrary to be the fact. We know that mobs and outbreaks come in, as if fed by a pestilence, polluting and weakening whatever gives beauty to order, or vitality to society. Southern men, therefore, who think on this subject, dread their recurrence, and, whenever they happen, denounce them as the bitterest evils of society—the worst foes of the republic. *The sure way, therefore, and the only way to support southern rights, and all rights, is to maintain the law inviolate.*

But apart from these legal considerations, southern feeling is strong in its opposition to all mob power. How can it be otherwise? The people of the South are a sensible people, and will not—cannot rely upon men who break the peace to gain their regard. Southern feeling is of a higher stamp. It would despise a burnt offering which was kindled in violation of the law. It would scorn any man, or set of men, who would profess allegiance to it by trampling under foot human life, or human obligation. We speak, indeed, from experience, when we say, that we never yet knew an intelligent Southron who did not loathe the poor wretches who fawned upon him, and sought thus to win his confidence. Southern feeling hates alike the treason and the traitor.

What, then, is gained by this violent demonstration of affection for southern rights? *Contempt; the contempt of the very men we court.* They would honor and love us, if, calmly, and like men, we spoke frankly to them; if, instead of truckling and fawning upon them, we acted in all things boldly; if we gave, as we ought to do, the fullest freedom to opinion, and the broadest range to liberty of speech. Thirty years out of the thirty-four we have lived have been spent in a slave State; we are native, and to the manor born, and we cling to it with an affection which nothing can shake; and yet when we hear Englishmen and Americans, who do not understand what southern feeling is, affect to be the exclusive champions of the South, and seek to prove it by outrages upon property, and barbarous cruelty practised upon poor blacks, we feel almost like disowning our native land; and we would do so, did we not *know* that *there*, above all other places, such conduct would meet with nothing but scorn or pity.

We have had enough, we think, of this cant talk about the rights of the South. The South itself understands them, and what is more, can defend them; and if we would gain its respect or confidence, we would understand our rights, and know a little better how to defend them.

From the Troy Whig.

NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN STATESMEN—PRACTICE AND THEORY.

Notwithstanding the numerical inferiority of the southern, when compared with the northern and middle States, it is an undeniable fact, that the influence of the former has preponderated in the councils of the nation for by far the greatest portion of our existence; and also nearly all the most important measures which have characterized the administrations of the different Presidents, have been carried mainly by southern votes. Measures too which have been ruinous to the interests of the northern and middle States, but which they had not the firmness nor the wisdom to resist. It is true that it has generally happened, that in the long run these southern measures were abandoned by their very authors, and that they have brought nothing but disgrace and contempt upon the country, as was foretold by the real statesmen, their opponents, at the outset. But what of that? In a year or two some philosopher from the banks of the Roanoke or the Santee, broaches some new monstrosity in politics, which he forthwith proclaims to be of the "true Jeffersonian stamp," and in strict accordance with the Kentucky Resolutions, and the principles of "98." Immediately the South becomes enamored with the bantling, and are even outdone in the professions of love towards it by certain "dough faces," as they have been expressively styled, from the North. Said "dough faces" being for the most part of extremely limited intellects, and grateful for the least notice from those who maintain any standing in the world of Washington. And thus it has not unfrequently happened, that some measure has all at once been ascertained to be unconstitutional, although it had been repeatedly sanctioned by the very framers of the Constitution itself, and been found to be over and over again, highly necessary and expedient for the well being of the nation.

The South claims to be the very origin and fountain-head of genuine republicanism; and often stigmatizes the North, and especially those sections of the North where, if any where in the world, true republicanism does exist, with being aristocratic, friendly to strong governments, and tinged with monarchical tendencies. When the truth is, the republicanism of southern people is more semblance than reality; their habits and manners, especially aristocratic; and if they have not monarchical tendencies, it is because each man is a despot, and lord of all he surveys.

The people of the South are essentially an agricultural people. They look, or rather they did look, upon commerce and manufactures as anti-republican, if not unconstitutional. Even Mr. Jefferson himself expressed his regret that codfish were to be taken off the Capes of Virginia, lest her citizens should be induced to engage in the fisheries, and thereby became a commercial people. The same great statesman was accustomed to indulge in the severest language in regard to merchants generally; and evidently considered them as men destitute of any other feelings than love of gain. And this was the general feeling toward the commercial classes throughout the southern States, fifty years ago; and not without reason. For the only merchants with whom they were acquainted, were with few exceptions a set of needy and unprincipled adventurers, set out from the mother country to prey upon the unsuspecting nature, and generous, careless disposition of the planter. And well did these leeches in human shape fulfil their mission; as the ruins of many noble mansions now can testify, no less than the poverty of the sons of those who once feasted in their halls.

The leading men at the South during the Revolution, and since, have been, with few exceptions, of wealthy families; or at leat, of families in good circumstances, and the first rank in their respective States. While the leading men at the North have sprung almost universally, from the poorer classes in society. The consequence of this material difference is, that the southern statesman is destitute, for the most part, of those practical views of men and things, and that intimate knowledge of the wants of all classes of society, for which the northern statesman is generally noted. The northern statesman, when young, most generally has to contend with the *res augustae domi*—the narrow circumstances of his family—to make one dollar do the duty of two—to practice economy, even if he does not preach it. The southern statesmen, on the contrary, has been all his life accustomed to have his wants anticipated by obedient slaves, and to enjoy life in the most agreeable manner. John Adams was the son of a poor shoemaker. Thomas Jefferson was one of the colonial nobility of Virginia, and the heir of thousands of acres, and hundreds of negroes. Franklin was a printer, and the son of a tallow-chandler. Madison was the son of a bishop, and heir to a fortune.—Whipple was a sailor, Hopkins a surveyor, Sherman a shoemaker; and many other leaders of the Revolution at the North, of equally humble origin. While the leaders of the same Revolution at the South were almost to a man, of the very highest rank of society. Men of splendid fortunes, educated at Oxford or Cambridge, associated in their youth with the sons of the English nobility, and in their tastes and dispositions essentially aristocratic. Such were the Lees, the Pinckneys, Rutledge, Heyward, Middleton, Harrison, Randolph, Pendleton, Mason, and other great patriots at the South. And so at the present day, Webster is the son of a poor New-Hampshire farmer, and is stigmatized as an aristocrat. Hayne was descended from one of the most aristocratic families in South Carolina, and was lauded as a democrat. Everett is the son of a poor country parson. Tristam Burgess was a cooper, Ewing was a salt boiler, Corwin a wagoner. While Calhoun, Rives, Preston, Berrien, Wise, and Stanly, are all men of what are called good families, and of the highest standing in their respective counties.

In a period of commercial distress, the northern member of Congress, as he returns to his constituents, sees every where symptoms of the evils they endure. In the deserted streets of once crowded cities, in stores tenantless, and all the various forms by which a decay of prosperity is usually manifested in mercantile and manufacturing communities. But the southern member of Congress, when he returns to his constituents, sees none of these things. All that he does see looks as it always did. He sees the same Lombardy poplars waving over the house where he, and his father, and his ancestors were born. The same old rickety coaches rumbling about the same bad roads, as they did in the days of his boyhood. The same old negroes, looking as if they would never die, sunning themselves outside the "quarter," and garrulous with the recollection of the past; and the same worm fences, lean cattle, and worn-out soil that he has always seen.

His overseer tells him that he has put the field in corn which was in fallow last year; that the fly is in the wheat, and the worm in the tobacco; that Polly's Jim has the ague, and that old mammy Kate is dead. His neighbor comes in to see him, and tells him that Clayton Randolph, of Powhattan, has challenged a son of Col. Dangerfield; that Tom Grayson's colt out of Arietta, by Priam, won the four-mile heat at the late races; that his friend Montford is ruined by going security for Frank Carter; and that Ned Walker is going to marry General Stuart's eldest daughter. He sees at dinner the same bountiful supply of the good things of life, for which his country is famous, and wonders how any body can complain of hard times, when there is fish and oysters in the river, and plenty of negroes to bring them to your door for nothing. Such a man can have no sympathy with the society or the pursuits of those who inhabit the northern and middle states. He sees no necessity for regulating the exchanges, or for a uniform currency. If he wants a quarter cask of Madeira from Norfolk or Richmond, he sends down a load of tobacco or corn. If he is hard pushed for money, he sells off a negro or two. And as it is with him so it is with his neighbors. They are homogeneous in their pursuits. They live apart on their estates, and do not congregate into towns as we do. A village is their abhorrence, and a man who should build his house upon the main road would be considered as insane.

The North and South being therefore so dissimilar in their habits, and their modes of viewing important measures, we utterly despair of seeing any thing like a long continuance of good government in this country until the North shall attain so great a preponderance in the scale, as totally to neutralize the influence of the South.

From the Emancipator of November 1839.

SIXTEEN REASONS AGAINST A THIRD POLITICAL PARTY.

BY LEWIS TAPPAN.

1. It was not contemplated at the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

2. The Society have disclaimed, from the beginning, any such intention.

3. We should lose our hold upon the public conscience, as moral reformers.

4. It would be thought, and in many instances justly, that we were not disinterested in advocating the cause of the slave and the free people of color, but were aiming after the distinctions and emoluments of office.

5. It would appear to multitudes that we had lost our confidence in moral suasion, and appeals to the consciences and hearts of men, and our confidence in the God of the oppressed.

6. Because we should become less influential with the great body of voters of both parties, between which we shall soon hold the balance of power—our moral force being greatly superior to our numerical force.

7. Because associating with political agitators, and employing even the best political machinery, would dilute, so to speak, the quality of our anti-slavery feeling, faith, and zeal.

8. Because it would be taking hold the wrong end foremost; as *moral reformers may change the character of political partisans, but political parties are not wont to effect moral revolutions.*

9. Because it is but a *part* of our object to bring about the emancipation of the slaves, by the political action of Congress, as it regards the District, and by the political action of the states within their respective jurisdiction; as we aim to bring slaveholders to repentance of the sin of slaveholding, which will be apt to be lost sight of in separate political action.

10. Because the constitution of man is such that political action, as it regards the leaders especially, is apt to be an absorbing principle, to the neglect of moral and religious efforts.

11. Because the policy already pursued has, in many sections of the country, taught politicians that they must set up candidates who will vote for immediate emancipation, and the political equality of the free people of color, or they will not gain the votes of abolitionists, or elect their candidates.

12. Because there is reason to believe that perseverance in the determination to vote irrespective of party, will command the respect, excite the fears, and ultimately bring to terms the leaders in both of the present great political parties of

cause, men who are aspiring to office, and enlist the activity of multitudes who care little for the sin of slavery, or the moral and religious improvement of the slaveholder or the enslaved; and thus, instead of purifying the political atmosphere, and inducing the people to vote from moral principle, there would be danger of diminishing the moral feelings of the friends of human rights.

14. Because we should lose, to a great degree, the sympathy, prayers, and aid of abolitionists in other countries, if we descend from our present position; as experience has taught them that the anti-slavery cause has prospered when abolitionists have kept aloof from political partyism.

15. Because we shall, necessarily, array against us all the party feelings of leading politicians throughout the country; whereas, by not adopting separate organizations, numbers of the different parties can act in concert with us on this subject, retaining their present predilections on other subjects.

16. The annual disclosure of our small numerical force, though far from being so small as the aggregate of abolition votes indicates, necessarily carries the impression that our moral force is proportionably weak.

THE RAILROAD.

It is needless to inform the reader that the following is extracted from an article by N. P. Rogers.

We left Boston for Providence, Thursday morning, the 11th inst.—in a railroad department called in the latin, *Corvus Jacobi—anglice* "Jim Crow"—where, with our beloved brother J. B. Chandler—an Irish laboring brother, who looked in the face not a little like O'Connell;—another foreign brother—he looked like an Italian and had a violin among his luggage;—a very intelligent young Yankee brother—a thoroughgoing abolitionist—apparently a laborer;—one poor, weak-witted brother, with a hair lip and leprous cheek; and three young tars, two of them right from the November Ocean, their necks bare to the winds and the loose ribbons on their tarpaulins fluttering like streamers at mast head, and the third apparently not so fresh from the sea, and with more of the land bird about him;—with this company, shut up in a small room, rendered *suitably* uncomfortable, and stationed next the engine, so as to give the humble inmates the advantage of the first shock of whatever might happen—we sped our rapid way out through Roxbury. At the first stopping place, our dear brother Garrison, who was not present when we took our tickets, and who had by hurrying two or three miles on foot to the depot, made warmer quarters than ours necessary for him, came out of his car, and took passage the remainder of the way with us in *the steerage*. We had a much more interesting time on the way, than if we had taken our chance in the "good society" cars, where there is so much *breeding*, that there is no good nature or free conversation. In our *Rookery*, or *Crow* car, we had some free talk.

From the Newark Eagle.

THE FIRST ABOLITION MEETING.

We have recently had an interview with a person who was present at the first abolition meeting ever held in the United States. It took place in the township of Woodbridge, county of Middlesex, in this State, on the 4th of July 1783, being the first anniversary of our Independence, after the close of the Revolutionary War. Great preparations had been made—an ox was roasted, and an immense number had assembled on the memorable occasion. A platform was erected just above the heads of the spectators, and at a given signal, Dr. Bloomfield father of the late Governor Bloomfield of this State, mounted the platform, followed by his fourteen slaves, male and female, seven taking their stations on his right, and seven on his left. Being thus arranged, he advanced somewhat in front of his slaves and addressed the multitude on the subject of slavery and its evils, and in conclusion pointing to those on his right and left. "As a nation," says he "we are free and independent—all men are created equal,—and why should these, my fellow citizens—my equals, be held in bondage? From this day they are emancipated, and I here declare them free and absolved from all servitude to me, or my posterity. Then calling up before him one somewhat advanced in years—"Hector," says the doctor, "whenever you become too old or infirm to support yourself, you are entitled to your maintenance from me or my property. How long do you suppose it will be before you will require that maintenance?" Hector held up his left hand, and with his right drew a line across the middle joints of his fingers saying, "Never, never, massa, so long as any of these fingers remain below those joints." Then turning to the audience the doctor remarked—"There, fellow-citizens, you see that liberty is as dear to the man of color, as to you or me." The air now rung with shouts of applause, and thus the scene ended.

Dr. Bloomfield immediately procured for Hector, either by purchase or setting off from his own farm, three acres of land, and built him a small house, where he resided and cultivated his little farm until the day of his death;* and it was a common remark with the neighbors, that Hector's hay, when he took it to Amboy to sell, would always command a better price than theirs.

* This took place within the last nine years, near Metuchin, New Jersey, at the advanced age of 105 years. An interesting fact is connected with this gift of freedom and land. The son of Hector inherited it, and his widow now resides on it. The freed slaves generally took care of, and supported themselves.

A, B, C, of ABOLITION:

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET EXAMINED THE SUBJECT.

From the Herald of Freedom.

WHAT IS ABOLITION?

Many falsehoods have been told about abolitionists and members of anti-slavery societies. It is but common fairness to hear what they have to say for themselves.

Before we enter upon the main question,—to wit: "What is abolitionism?" we will just state what it *it is not;* that the minds of any who have had wrong views may be set right.

First, then, abolitionists do not preach *amalgamation*, or the mixture of the white and colored races. This misrepresentation has been got up by our enemies to prejudice people against abolitionists. They would make you believe that our object is to flood the North with a multitude of degraded beings from the South, coming to lay claim to all our rights as citizens; to be our rulers, our judges, our lawyers, and our physicians, and *to marry our sons and daughters!*

Abolitionists do not teach any such doctrine. They say nothing about the blacks intermarrying with the whites, because they consider that they have nothing to do with that question. That must be left to people to decide for themselves.

No one is so absurd as to suppose, that the blacks, any more than the whites, will ever mix in general society before they are qualified to do so on equal terms. No one will ever be compelled, in this free country, to take a black wife or a black husband, depend upon it. But there is one thing which we wish every reader to understand fully: The abolitionists *do aim* at destroying the *amalgamation* which exists in the South, and which is almost *universal*. The abolition of slavery will do this, and nothing else will.

Secondly, neither do abolitionists desire the *dissolution of the Union*. They fully believe that, if ever the golden cord which holds these States together, is severed, it will be because of the existence of slavery. So far are they from desiring that the Union should be dissolved, they are among its firmest friends; and their great effort is to open the eyes of the community to the real danger which threatens the union of the States. They only repeat the sentiments of Franklin, and Jay, and other great men, who helped to form our present Constitution. They feel that slavery is a worm, eating at the root of the tree of liberty; and they are seeking to destroy it, before our liberties, bought at so great a price, shall be forever destroyed.

Thirdly, neither do abolitionists hold to *exciting the slaves to murder their masters.* By no means! On the contrary, they all disclaim any thing like a resort to physical force, even to obtain freedom.—Most of them adopt peace principles, Hence, their great reliance is, under God, upon the *power of truth.* This they believe to be a mighty weapon when wielded by the arm of faith and love, and one which even slavery itself cannot long withstand. They hope by it to reach the conscience of the *slaveholder*, but make no appeals to the *slave.* All their arguments are directed to the slaveholder, their publications are sent to him, and the effect produced must be upon the *slaveholder's* heart and conscience.

We believe, that so far from the discussion of this question having tended to excite insurrection at the South, it has tended, more than any thing else, to keep the slaves quiet and obedient. Because they know that efforts are making in their behalf, and any disorder among them would injure, and not advance their own cause. Even slaveholders have admitted this.

What, then, it will be asked, *do abolitionists propose to do?* We will endeavor, in a few words, to state their object, and then answer some objections commonly urged against their doctrines and measures.

1. *They wish to diffuse correct views as to what slavery is.* Many who profess to know much about slavery, when you come to ask them what they imagine slavery to be, will reply, "Oh! it is being compelled to work against your will." Others will say, "It consists in withholding certain natural rights." Others, "In not being eligible to office." Others, "In cruelty and oppression." "Privation of trial by jury." "Apprenticeship." "Bondage for crime," &c. &c. But these are only appendages; things which belong to some forms of servitude, while neither of them go to make a man a *slave.*

What, then, is slavery? We define it to be the taking *man* and reducing him to the level of a *thing:* subjecting God's image, made for glory, honor, and immortality, to the rank of a commodity, to be bought, and sold, and bartered for filthy lucre. In this consists the very essence of slavery; that it takes away from man those things which distinguish him from the brute, thus leaving him subject to the avarice, lust, and cupidity of his fellow man.

It being, then, the first principle of slavery to blot out the image thus stamped on man at creation, and make him a mere tool, to answer the purpose of others, what, it may be asked, is the *actual condition* of the slave?

First. He is subject to the absolute and despotic sway of his master. So that, according to the laws of the State of Louisiana, "The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, his labor; he can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire any thing, but which must belong to his master." Slavery, then, puts it in the power of the master to do with the slave whatever he pleases.—If he chooses to make him work eighteen hours a day, the slave must obey; or to deprive him of necessary and wholesome food, the slave has no redress; or to sell him as he would a horse, the slave must submit.

Second. We find that the *laws* of slaveholding States know no such thing as marriage among slaves. Hence these laws nullify the command of God, "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife," and subject the whole slave population to a state of horrid, promiscuous intercourse.

Third. Masters are not prohibited by law from inflicting severe punishment upon their slaves, so as often to cause death. In South Carolina, "If a slave be killed on a sudden heat or passion, or by *undue correction*, the murderer is to pay a fine, and be imprisoned six months." And not once in a hundred, can *white witnesses* be found to testify in case of the murderer: so that he most generally escapes unharmed.

Fourth. A slave has no legal protection whatever, against any abuse and violence.

Fifth. Slaves have no control over their wives or children, and can own no property. They *may* be, and frequently *are* sold to brutal masters, torn from their families, and never permitted to see their faces again.

Sixth. Slaves are subject to tyrannical laws in the slave States. In Virginia, there are seventy-one offenses punishable with *death*, when committed by slaves, which are only punished by *imprisonment* when committed by whites.

Seventh. Slaves are not permitted to have or to read the Bible. According to the laws of North Carolina, to teach a slave to read or write or to sell or give him any book, (Bible not excepted) is punishable with thirty-nine lashes, or imprisonment, if the offender be a free negro, but if a white, then with a fine of two hundred dollars. In Louisiana, the penalty for teaching a slave to read or write, is one year's imprisonment. Thus are nearly three millions of God's accountable creatures prevented from obeying the command, "Search the Scriptures."

But—Eighth. The slaves can hold no religious meetings in many of the slave States, without the presence of several white men. In Virginia, *all evening meetings* are strictly forbidden.

II. We wish to bring men at the North to lift up their voices and cry aloud against this heinous system of oppression. The great difficulty is, to convince men of the necessity and duty of bearing testimony against this sin. But if slavery *is* what we have defined it to be; if it is such a system of abominations, concentrating in itself all that is bad, is it not plainly our duty to do all that we can to abolish it?

God has not left us in doubt on this point, when he has commanded us, "Thou shalt in *any wise* rebuke thy neighbor and not suffer sin upon him." We believe the upholders of slavery to be guilty of one of the greatest sins which can be committed against God. They are guilty of trampling upon the rights, the heaven-conferred rights, of man, and subjecting him to an awful condition of physical, intellectual, and moral degradation. And now, whatever we can do to unrivet those chains, we are morally bound to do. We want every man, woman and child, in this land, that can understand what slavery is, and can feel for the oppressed, to raise his voice against it.

III. We wish, *as soon as possible*, to knock off the fetters from the limbs of the slave. When we use the term *immediate emancipation*, we do not mean to say that this *will* be done in a moment, but that it *ought* to be. Ministers preach the duty of immediate repentance, and wish, though they do not expect, that all sinners may repent at once. So abolitionists preach the doctrine of immediate emancipation. We know that we have to encounter strong prejudices, from education, habit, self-interest, force of public opinion, &c. But we believe, that the only way to accomplish any great good is, to set *immediately about it.*

We can make no compromise with sin. If slavery is a *crying sin*, we hold that it is the slaveholder's duty straightway to abandon it. God abhors it, and he commands us to proclaim the truth in the ears of slaveholders, until "every yoke shall be broken, and the oppressed shall every where go free."

IV. Having stated our object, the question may be asked, how do you propose to accomplish it? We hope to accomplish it by the simple means which God has placed in our hands, the *unceasing proclamation of truth.* The weapons of abolitionists are no armor forged by human hands, but those polished weapons of God's own workmanship, which are so powerful when wielded aright. Our only confidence is in the influence of correct principles, every where made known, and brought rightly to bear upon the minds and consciences of slaveholders.

Do you say, in opposition to our docrines and measures, that "*abolitionists want us to associate with the blacks, and to take them into our families! This we will never consent to do.*"

Abolitionists never held any such doctrine as that men should intermarry with colored people, or take them into their families, unless they choose so to do. Abolitionists aim at destroying the *prejudice* which would shut out the colored man from our churches, our public conveyances, our public houses, and even from our burying grounds, and treating colored men as whites ought to be treated, according to their moral characters. They say that prejudice is unjustifiable, and ought to be immediately abandoned. It is not the mere color of the skin which makes one man better than another in the sight of God.

But, "*is not the black man naturally inferior to the whites,*" *says one,* "*and has not God made a plain distinction between the two, which we cannot destroy?*" We answer, no. God made of "one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth." He has given the colored man naturally the same mind, that he has given to the white man. The reason, we say, why many of them now appear to be inferior is a very plain reason; it is because they have been denied entrance to our schools and our seminaries; been forbidden by public sentiment to practice the common trades; and been degraded and oppressed by cruel laws, so that they could not rise if they would. Abolitionists say, take away this prejudice, remove these oppressive laws, and then the colored man will have a fair opportunity; and see if he will not rise, as he has everywhere done when he had equal chance. It seems very cruel to trample him into the dust, and then blame him for being where he is.

But the slaves are very well taken care of, we often hear said, *and why make them worse off than they now are, by emancipating them?* What would you, my friend, consider good treatment, were you in the condition of the slave? Would you think it good treatment to be denied the use of your limbs, of your time, the privilege of having your wife and children around you, of attending church when you pleased, and reading the Bible and other books, and teaching your children to read? Would you think it enough to have a scanty allowance of food and clothing, or even an abundance, if, at the same time you knew that you were a *slave,* and must obey the will of a brutal master?—What man here would be willing to *take the place of the slave?* Not one.

But says another, the slaveholders are not so cruel as they have been represented. To be sure, all the slaveholders are not equally severe to their slaves. Some, perhaps, give them enough to eat, and drink, and wear, and do not over-work them. We do not say that every master is cruel to his slaves, more than every man is cruel to his horse. But we say, that *slavery,* say of it what you may, is A SYSTEM OF CRUELTY, OF OPPRESSION, AND ROBBERY, and it ought for ever to cease. We say the guilt of slavery consists of robbing a man of all he has, and making a brute of him, and so long as you deny him the use of his own limbs, wages for his labor, and opportunity to improve his condition, you *cannot treat him as a man.*

Communications.

JOHN WOOLMAN.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I have seen with pleasure a copy of a new edition of the journal of this faithful minister of Christ, recently published in England. The readers of the Standard will perhaps peruse with interest the following extracts from the introductory remarks.

The present edition of the life and writings of John Woolman, was commenced by the late esteemed and lamented James Cropper; and it is due to him, and to the Society of Friends, as well as to the public, briefly to refer to the motives which induced him to undertake it.

In a letter to a Friend, dated 7th of 11th mo. 1839, he states in substance, as follows: "The motive that most strongly presses on my mind, is an earnest desire to hold up to the view of the members of our own society, an example of what practically constitutes a real Quaker; and to call the particular attention of my fellow-members to the great decline, and low state of things amongst us. I fear, and I greatly lament it, that we are not individually under that exercise of mind, which such a state of things ought to produce. I do not refer to any particular class amongst us, but to those of every class, and of every age. Yet in the midst of these discouragements, I often feel animated with the belief that the Lord has not utterly cast us off, as a people, but that it may now be said, as of old: 'The Lord is with you while ye be with him; and if ye seek him, he will be found of you.'"—2 Chron. x. 2.

"I have been greatly encouraged by the success of the labors of this humble, meek, charitable, and Christ-like man and his coadjutors, in visiting those who held slaves, beginning with ministers, and elders, and overseers, [among Friends.] The root of the evil in those days was precisely what it is now—the love of the world, though manifested in a different form; and wherever this exists, and under whatever form, it separates from the love of the Father. When professors of the Christian name do not live up to their profession, but are loving the world, they must be stumbling-blocks to the honest inquirers after the way to Zion. Let none, however, suppose that, because they are making a less profession, they are more excusable. What will it avail such, in a day that is fast approaching, to plead that they professed little, believed little, or cared not for these things?' Let us all put the inquiry to ourselves, how far we are faithful stewards of the talents, of whatever kind, that are intrusted to us? If we were to feel as John Woolman did, with respect to luxuries and superfluities, we should be convinced that our testimonies in favor of simplicity and moderation, had a right foundation."

The above extracts will show how deeply James Cropper lamented what he believed to be the low state of things in the society; and how anxious he was that all classes of its members, while recognizing the all-important doctrines of Christianity, should be more concerned to live under their influence:—to avoid separating the *work* of Christ from the *mind* of Christ—to look more to his example, and to remember what he said of his followers: "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." James Cropper again reverts to the testimony of John Woolman against the holding of slaves, and to his meek and self-denying labors in that righteous cause: "It is not improbable that some copies of the present edition may be circulated in John Woolman's native land. Those upon whom has devolved the care of conducting this work through the press, would avail themselves of the opportunity which it presents, to call upon their brethren in America, still to uphold a noble testimony against all oppression, in the same meek and gentle, yet faithful and uncompromising spirit; and affectionately to suggest to them, whether the fact of their being separated, as a body, from the polluting influence of slave holding, through the self-denying labors of John Woolman, and others of a kindred spirit, does not throw upon the members of the Society of Friends in the present generation a great additional obligation, unceasingly to exert themselves, by every legitimate means, to promote the total and immediate extinction of this crying evil."

On one occasion, J. W. thus addressed the Yearly meeting of Philadelphia: "Many slaves on this continent are oppressed, and their cries have reached the ear of the Most High. Such are the purity and certainty of his judgments, that he cannot be partial in our favor. In infinite love and goodness he hath opened our understandings, from one time to another, concerning our duty toward this people; and it is not a time for delay. Should we now be made sensible of what he requires of us, and through respect to the private interests of some persons, or through regard to some interests that do not stand on an immutable foundation, neglect to do our duty in firmness and constancy, still waiting for some extraordinary means for their deliverance; it may be by terrible things in righteousness, God will answer us in this matter."

Language like the above could not well be borne at that day; and we are assured that he was at one time refused a certificate to travel as a religious minister, by the society of which he was a member, on account of his testimony against slavery; and the following passage occurs in his journal: "Having at times perceived a shyness in some friends of considerable note towards me, I found an engagement in gospel love to pay a visit to one of them; and as I dwelt under the exercise, I felt a resignedness in my mind, to go and tell him privately, that I had a desire to have an opportunity with him alone. To this proposal he readily agreed: and then in the fear of the Lord, things relating to that shyness were searched to the bottom; and we had a large conference, which I believe was of use to us both: and I am thankful that way was opened for it." Leaning thus on the arm that led him forth he was carried safely through all the trials that attended him, and closed his days here in Peace. M.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XLV.

James Hall.

John Tatum was a respectable farmer, near the village of Woodbury, Gloucester county, N. J. He was remarkable for his love of peace. About the year 1814 he had in his employ two colored men, who, preferring liberty to slavery, had left the service of their master in Maryland. By some means he became acquainted with the place of their residence, and went in pursuit of them. About twelve o'clock at night, the family were awakend from slumber by a violent knocking at the door. John Tatum rose and inquired what was wanted. In reply he was informed that they were in search of two runaway slaves, known to be in that house. He assured them that there were no such persons in the house; and expressed his surprise at their calling upon him at such an unseasonable hour. They turned a deaf ear to his declaration, and insisted upon searching the house; promising to conduct civilly, if he would permit them to do so. He opened the door, and four men made a thorough search, but found no slaves. They then withdrew, and went to a small house on the premises, occupied by a colored man by the name of Joseph, and his wife. The two slaves they were in search of, were in the house. When they knocked at the door, Joseph inquired who was there. They told him that they wished to find a person who resided about a mile distant, and they would give him twenty dollars if he would conduct them there.

Joseph was a shrewd old man, and suspecting they had something in view besides finding the person they inquired for, he declined the offer, but told them they were near the village of Woodbury, and could find the way without difficulty; and there they would find people enough to go with them to the place they inquired after, for much less than they had offered him. While Joseph and the strangers were thus parleying, his wife could not restrain her curiosity, and opened the door to peep out; which being perceived by those outside, two of them immediately rushed in; but they were soon laid sprawling on the floor. Joseph struck the first that entered, on the head with his gun, and gave him a severe wound; some of the inmates knocked the other down, and before they could recover, took their pistols from them.

The light was so faint, and there was such confusion, that the slaves were not discovered by their pursuers.—Joseph now had the two intruders completely in his power, and charged them with an attempt to rob him.—He ordered them to take their stand in one corner of the room, threatening them with instant death if they refused; and as the old man appeared determined to carry into effect his threat, they complied; though I have no idea that he had the most distant intention of hurting them. He then told them they must take their hats off. One of them readily complied, but the other refused: declaring he had rather suffer death than take his hat off to a negro. He said he was Judge of the County Court where he resided, and that he could not submit to such indignity. Upon this representation, he was permitted to remain covered.

The men who remained outside, hearing a scuffle in the house, which ceased soon after their companions entered, concluded they were killed; and fearing they might suffer the same fate, if they remained about the premises, they withdrew. The slaves could watch them from the window; and as soon as they were gone, they escaped to the house of John Tatum, and knocked at the window of the room where he lodged, which was on the lower floor. At their request he handed them the amount due to them out of the window; a thing he could easily do, as he was in the habit, at the end of each month, of putting up the amount due to those he employed, and writing their names on it. Having received their wages, they made their way to a distant part of the State. One of them, I think, had about seventy dollars; the other not so much.

The next morning, Joseph drove his two captives to Woodbury, and related the whole affair to a magistrate. They also told their story; the judge showed the deep cut in his head, and complained bitterly of Joseph's treatment. After investigating the matter, poor Joseph was most unrighteously committed to prison, and the two marauders discharged. However, he was not long detained there. The court being in session soon after, the grand jury returned the bill of indictment ignoramus, and he was set at liberty.

A few days after those circumstances occurred, the same men went to Philadelphia, and arrested a man by the name of James Hall, whom they committed to prison as the slave of Judge Gibson. This was the individual who had been so roughly treated by Joseph, in New-Jersey. Hall was sent to prison about nine o'clock in the evening. One of the keepers came and informed me of the circumstance. I immediately made application to Alderman Abraham Shoemaker, procured a warrant against Hall for a debt of one hundred dollars, and lodged it at the prison. I did this merely to detain him till his case could be inquired into.

The next morning, I rose about break of day, and went to the prison to see Hall, and inquire into his case. Just as I arrived, I saw several men coming down the steps, who seemed greatly excited. Among them was a person, whom I well knew, by the name of Brady. It was said he had been imprisoned several years previous on charge of killing his wife; and had broke jail. He had lived several years in Philadelphia, taught school, and conducted reputably while there. He informed those men who I was. They gathered clamorously around me, and he was as noisy as any of them. I looked him full in the face, and giving him a significant nod, I said, "Wilt thou kill me, as thou didst the Egyptian, yesterday?"—He immediately disappeared; but his companions continued their vociferations, and threatened violence, with many oaths. After a little time, I observed, "When you first made the attack upon me, I thought I might, perhaps, be in some danger; but now I am inclined to think you are the same fellows whose courage has lately been put to the test in Jersey. If you are, I don't think I have much to fear." Gibson said a negro man had struck him on the head with his gun and had cut it.—After considerable altercation, I informed them that I would meet them at Alderman Shoemaker's, at 9 o'clock, and went into the prison to see James Hall. Upon questioning him, he told me, confidentially, that he was a slave; but that he did not belong to any of the persons who had been the cause of his arrest and imprisonment.

At the time appointed, we appeared before the magistrate, who had no partiality for slaveholders. In the investigation, the claimant fixed the time when he said Hall had run away. But Hall proved, by several respectable witnesses, that he had been employed as a hod-carrier three years before that time. The magistrate came to the conclusion that they must be mistaken in the person, and accordingly set him at liberty. Judge Gibson and his friends having failed in their enterprise, returned home, chagrined at their disappointment. James Hall being at liberty, I strongly urged him to leave the city; but having resided several years there without molestation, he declined taking my advice. It was not long before his real master had him arrested, and produced such proof of his being his slave, as satisfied the magistrate before whom he was taken. He gave the customary certificate, upon the authority whereof he was taken to Maryland. I went to see him in prison, the day he was taken away; and after a gentle rebuke for his imprudence in not following my advice, I bid him farewell, not expecting ever to see him again. In this I was disappointed; for in two or three weeks from that time, he came, laughing, into my house.

Upon arriving in Maryland, Hall adopted the following cunning stratagem to effect his escape. He told his master that it was his intention to purchase his freedom; and in order to accomplish that object, he had been laying up money, and then had in my hands three hundred dollars; that he would give him an order upon me for that sum, and, moreover, would bind himself to serve him seven years. To these terms his master agreed. A manumission and an indenture were duly executed, and an order given upon me for three hundred dollars, witnessed by a justice of the peace in the neighborhood.—The master mounted his horse, proceeded to Philadelphia, called upon me, and exhibited his order. But what was his disappointment, when I informed him that my acquaintance with his slave was of very recent date, and that I had never seen one cent of his money. To satisfy him that what I said was true, I went with him to the prison, and showed him the the docket, by which it appeared that Jim had been several times convicted of petit larceny. The master set off for home declaring, as he left me, that he would sell him as soon as he returned.

But he was again doomed to disappoinment; for soon after he had left home, James also left for the same place; taking care to travel on a road where he had good reason to think he was in no danger of meeting his master. Soon after his master had returned home, Jim, as he was commonly called, made his appearance at my house. I questioned him in relation to the order he had given upon me, and charged him with falsehood. He admitted the charge was correct; and said, that he thought any man who was a slave, had a right to deceive his master, if he could get his liberty by it. I gave him such advice as I thought suitable; and after getting some refreshment, he pursued his journey towards the East. I never saw him afterwards, but I have good reason to believe he was never again disturbed.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, DEC. 2, 1841.

MORAL INFLUENCE.

With feelings of sadness, entirely unmixed with personal or party predilections, we observe the decreasing faith in moral influence, indicated by a large proportion of anti-slavery newspapers. This has been more and more conspicuous, ever since the first effort to form a distinct political party. That this is the universal effect upon minds stirred up with political excitement, we think no dispassionate observer will deny. Men may have entered the arena from the most patriotic and unselfish of motives; but when once there, integrity is tempted, and faith unsettled. They who once leaned on principles as the sheet-anchor of the soul, by degrees come to spend their strength in vain efforts to keep a sure footing on the revolving platform of temporary expediency; until at last, by trusting in man, they forget to trust in God.

We speak of the influence on those actively engaged in forming or sustaining a political party; not necessarily on those who consider it a duty to vote. That the remark is true, and of general application, is shown by the acknowledged fact, that the best and most religious men in the community are the very class who keep most aloof from the management of political machinery. Of those who try it, how few come out of the fiery temptation with pure consciences and healthy hearts! The fault is not always that parties are not based on correct and important *principles;* if it were so, the democratic party of the present day might have been saved from its monstrous corruptions by the invigorating truth of the anti-monopoly creed; neither will any candid mind deny for a moment that men often throw themselves into political encounters from the purest motives, and the highest sense of duty. Whence, then, is it that, by the spontaneous utterance of mankind, morals and politics are so widely separated? Why is it that the popular faith has no belief in their union? I think the difficulty lies in the *means* used, though it may be by good men, and with the honest view of advancing correct principles.—The activity and subtlety of man take place of faith in God; and every thing is movable, by force or cunning, like the counters on a chess-board. The tendency of mind produced by this was shown in its ultimate form during the French Revolution; when men thought they had decided the question whether or not there was a God, by putting it to a vote, and deciding in the negative.—This shocks the religious mind; yet politicians, all the world over, continually do the same thing with immutable *principles,* which are among the attributes of God.

Shall we, then, leave governments entirely to the bad? is the anxious inquiry. Alas, what want of faith is implied by this question! One would think God had vacated his throne, and the ballot-box was placed thereon.—Know ye not, my friend, that the moral sentiment of a nation is ever "a power behind the throne, stronger than the throne?" You can do better than *be* a politician you can *move* politicians. Politics are the quicksilve in the tube; moral sentiment is the atmosphere tha warms it, and compels it to be its indicator.

I believe it is not easy to calculate the advantage that would have been gained, (speaking merely in a politica point of view) if abolitionists had continued to stan firmly and patiently on their original ground, of discountenancing the formation of a political party.

Had they conscientiously adhered to the simplicity of their early creed, never, under any circumstances, to vote for a pro-slavery man, it could not have been long before the two conflicting parties would have been oblized to acknowledge them as an element too powerful to be insulted or neglected. The fact that they held the balance of power was already in many cases practically acknowledged; and it was plain enough that, whenever a vote ran close, both parties would, as a matter of policy, set up an abolitionist for their candidate.

What is likely to be the result, merely in a politica point of view, of the "Liberty Party Movement?"—The Ohio Free Press gives an answer well worthy of serious consideration:

"Will the nomination of an independent anti-slavery candidate induce either of the other parties to nominat a better man than they otherwise would? This is by no means probable. As their object is the triumph of their principles, (whether good or bad) their selection of a candidate will be made with reference to his 'availability.' If all hope of help from abolitionists be cut off, by the nomination of an independent candidate, they must turn their attention to some other quarter. And where can they look for help but to the pro-slavery spirit? All other interests will be enlisted in behalf of one or other of the parties. The slavery interest will be the only one then standing neutral; and this will be ever ready to throw its weight in favor of which ever party will render it the greatest service. This will be offering the parties a bribe for their servility; and that party that shall stoop the lowest, and make the greatest sacrifice to the spirit of slavery—that shall nominate the most bitter persecutor of abolitionists, will receive the proffered reward."

And what have we lost, and what are we losing, for the sake of a game so very precarious? We are losing the confidence of a large class, not called by our name but increasingly disposed to aid our efforts; we are losing the respect, which our enemies could not help coupling with their hatred; and worse than this, we are losing confidence in each other. Multitudes, who want most sincerely to labor for the slave, are driven to reluctant inaction, because they distrust the motives of men who are themselves candidates for office; and because they are everywhere repulsed with the charge of political selfishness. The honest yeoman, as he listens to stirring exhortations not to vote for pro-slavery candidates, says significantly, "I guess that chap wants to go to Congress himself." "Aye, that's it," says another; "They are about all over the country drumming up votes."

Before suspicions like these, moral influence droops powerless. True and disinterested hearts become discouraged. Hence apathy and indifference, instead of our former untiring energy and spontaneous zeal.

The Friend of Man declares that re-organization, in a political form, has become necessary all over the country, because "members have become listless, and inattentive to the stated meetings of the society. Action in the society languishes. It is ready to die.

They have failed to hold their meetings often enough to elect their officers—cannot tell who are their members, except by a reference to the society's book: and and are, without figure of speech, *dead, defunct.*"

The fact is not mentioned by the editor that we never had cause to complain of apathy, or neglect of meetings, until the idea was broached of forming a third political *party.*

The editor of the Emancipator partly accounts for this rapid falling off; though he does not take into his account the large number who are inactive from discouragement and heart-sickness. Speaking of efforts to sustain the Emancipator, he says: "It is not necessary to recount the causes which prevented an effective meeting in May, nor those which have hindered the society from going into operation in a way to obtain the general sympathy and support of abolitionists. *One great cause, doubtless is, that the generality of those who are willing to work and to give, are engaged in political action,* and in carrying on the State and other local societies." That the "State, and other societies," do not take much of their time and attention, seems evident from the statement of the Friend of Man.

James C. Fuller, in a letter about the Canada Mission, glances at the same idea. He says: "One reason why my female friends may be pressingly invited to sustain this cause, in my apprehension arises from what I take to be fact, that since the formation of the 'third party,' neither their donations of *time or money* have been so often drawn on; and if they do not now and then do something in this way they may soon forget to know how to give to the good cause."

It may be said in reply, that the want of zeal and energy among us, at the present time, is owing to our long-protracted and bitter dissensions. No one will deny the injurious effects of that painful and disgraceful controversy. But how did it originate? In the effort to establish as a test of abolition that every man *should* vote. That was the *entrance* of the ballot-box into what had hitherto been our counsels with God.

It has been said that much of the unhealthy excitement incident to political parties would be avoided by the "Liberty Party," because they have no present hope of electing their candidates; but may not this very circumstance tend to excite the gambling spirit even more than usual? They are as anxious to secure a large vote for their candidates, as other parties are to elect theirs. The note of exultation at their increased vote certainly sounds very much like other political crowing. To hear them, one would think they represented the entire anti-slavery sentiment of the community. The Emancipator says: "The gulf is almost bridged—the developments of the present Fall will build the piers, and next Spring will throw the trusses across, so that by the May Meetings we will all walk over in procession together—i. e. all that are left devoted to *actual* abolition."

The Free American says, "It is consoling to think that abolitionists have at length found a line of action in which they can *all* agree."

The Friend of Man admits that there may be, "here and there, one who will stick to the letter of the constitution and by-laws of the old societies."

It is a common *ruse* in the political game to make numbers *appear* larger than they are; but if these things are said in good faith, they only serve to show how much of the anti-slavery sentiment of the country is not heard by the partisans of the "Liberty Party."

We are far from being surprised at their increased vote. In the first place, the present distracted state of the whigs is favorable thereto; and in the next place, a political nucleus of any kind can scarcely be formed without gathering fresh materials about it; and in the third place, the keen excitement of the game is, up to a certain point, a guarantee of success. We have always supposed it would increase, and we presume it will continue to do so, for a year or two. The history of the anti-masonic party furnishes a lesson. Their ranks swelled mightily for a time, and they expected nothing less than to prostrate the two great parties; but all of a sudden they went out like a puff of smoke. Such will be the fate of the "Liberty Party." Let those who laugh at the prophecy, remember it at the end of five years. We wait patiently to hear what will then be said by the most wise and candid of its partisans. "There is nothing which men are so eager to get into as politics; and nothing they are so glad to get out of."

Many a lip will curl in scorn, to read this warning from a woman's pen; I am conscious of this; but it takes nothing from my power to say the true word in calmness and freedom. The task was disagreeable to me, and I have been compelled to it from a sense of duty.

Let me exhort the seven thousand not to "bow the knee to Baal, or to kiss his image." Be not bewildered by the buzz of politics. The old American Society is yet alive; and by God's grace will weather this tempest, the worst she has yet encountered. Her position is not changed; and if it seems so to you, it is because your own position has changed. She believes in the same principles, and the same agencies, now, as at the beginning. She calls upon all who use the elective franchise, to vote conscientiously on this question, as they would answer for it to the poor slave, at the bar of God. She calls upon you to eschew the third political party, as a dangerous heresy in the philosophy of Christian reform; as a measure inexpedient, highly injurious to our sacred cause, and in direct violation of anti-slavery good faith.

This ill-starred enterprise has indeed a discouraging effect; for it takes away all present prospect of becoming the generally-acknowledged balance of power between the two great parties. But let not this drive you to the third party, on the ground that you can find no other mode of political action; the temptation to do this is one of the principal chances on which their game is calculated. If you believe that the third party is really calculated to do injury, then is it morally wrong for you to sustain it. To give a vote for the *same tickets,* while refusing to *act* with the party, is most obviously a distinction without a difference. Even if you would vote for the same men, under other circumstances, it is a departure from *principle* to sustain the party to which they have given themselves, so long as you believe it really mischievous to our cause.

Some have complained that the American Society does not define the duty of voters. This is impossible; for it varies with every election, and in almost every county. Each man must vote according to his own conscience; and in so doing, he may be well assured that he is exerting a more salutary influence, than he could possibly do by connecting himself with any political organization.

The Temperance Society tried forcing public sentiment above its level, by the political machinery of the fifteen-gallon law; and the experiment proved well nigh ruinous to that good cause. They have re-organized on the plan of direct moral influence, and behold they are spreading, like a green bay tree!

Let us wait, with patient and strong perseverance, to perform a similar mission for anti-slavery; for to this I believe we are called. The "Liberty Party," will increase for awhile, then fall into pieces, and be heard of no more. And when the party dies, the abolition of most of its members will die with it. The process will have weakened their faith in principles; and being long accustomed to the "alcohol of political excitement," they cannot come back to anti-slavery work, fresh and strong for moral action.

Then let it be seen that the fire has not gone out upon our altars. Watch the sacred spark well! for it is not easy to realize the classic fable, and call down fire from Heaven, to rekindle a celestial flame once extinguished through our neglect.—L. M. C.

ORTHODOX FRIENDS.

The following minute of advice was adopted and published by the late Yearly meeting of Orthodox Friends in Indiana. In several respects, this strikes us as a remarkable document. We have been lately looking over John Woolman's Journal, for the third or fourth time; and with a sort of bewildered amazement, we asked ourselves what would have been the emotions of that good man on reading this manifestation of the combined wisdom and benevolence of Indiana Yearly meeting.

We may err from ignorance, but we have always supposed that the meeting-houses of Friends belong to the societies who build them, and are accustomed to meet therein. If this impression be correct, what right has

the Yearly meeting to shut up houses that do not belong to them? Or to dictate to the consciences of the owners thereof how they shall be used?

The Address of Joseph Sturge to the Friends in America is condemned, because it "has not undergone the examination of a meeting for sufferings."

If we read the Discipline of Friends aright, it requires only that all publications "relating to their *religious principles and doctrines*" should be laid before the meeting for sufferings. Does Joseph Sturge's Address come under this head? Is the Meeting to supervise *all* books published by Friends? If a man disbelieves in the morality of banks, cannot he utter himself without the consent of the elders? If he thinks it wrong to eat animal food, or to pay taxes to a monarchical government, may he not say so in print, without concurrence of the meeting for sufferings? If this spiritual jurisdiction is so extensive in its application, that a Friend may not utter what has long pressed upon his conscience, and that, too, on a subject deeply interesting to large numbers in the Society, then a censorship of the press is indeed established! A free soul might almost as well be under the jurisdiction of the Pope; except, indeed, that the Society of Friends might be expected to exercise it, in most cases, with more wisdom than he would.

The advisers fear that "such acts may affect the reputation of their Society." Alas, for a religious society, when its reputation is so anxiously nursed! It must be in a sickly way; for health is ever unconscious of itself. Men remember that they have a stomach, only when its functions are diseased; and those who most deserve a reputation, take the least thought for it. *Early* friends were afraid of having too *much* reputation in the world; for well they knew it brought a fearful snare upon the religious soul.

Friends are afraid, lest they be classed with Ehpraim of old. The dreaded charge is already too fatally true. They *have* "mixed themselves among the people," who direct banks, and make rail roads, and import slave cotton. "A stranger *has* devoured their strength, and they know it not;" and that stranger is southern trade!

If the Society of Friends had remained faithful to their early testimonies, if they had simply done their duty, they might have regenerated the world; and there would have been no need of anti-slavery societies.

Here follows the document in question:—L. M. C.

TO THE QUARTERLY AND MONTHLY MEETING OF FRIENDS IN INDIANA YEARLY MEETING, AND TO FRIENDS INDIVIDUALLY.

Information having reached this meeting that some of our meeting-houses have been opened for the purpose of holding anti-slavery meetings, and delivering lectures, we feel concerned to advise against such a practice, as being contrary to the general usage of society, and of hurtful tendency to our members.

The meeting has also been brought into painful concern on account of the publication and circulation, by members of this Yearly meeting, of a recent address written by a member of our society, on the subject of one of our important testimonies, but which had not undergone the examination of a meeting for sufferings, agreeably to the requisitions of our discipline.* As such acts may affect the reputation of our religious society, and may disturb its harmony, which has been the case in the instance before us, we feel called upon to express our disapprobation of such proceedings. There are also some periodicals† within our limits, conducted under the character and style of Friends, whose object seems to be the promotion and advancement of our testimony against slavery, but not being under our supervision, we cannot consistently give them our sanction, nor be responsible in any way for their contents.

And as the subject of slavery is producing great excitement in our land, we again tenderly advise our dear friends, not to join in association with those who do not profess to wait for divine direction in such important concerns; lest if we overact the part called for at out hands, we injure the righteous cause, and suffer loss ourselves: comparable to what is said of Ephraim of old, "he hath mixed himself among the people;" "strangers have devoured his strength, and he knoweth it not."

* Address of Joseph Sturge to the members of the Society of Friends in America.

† Free Labor Advocate, Protectionist and Jubilee, by Arnold Buffum.

DR. HUDSON.

The Ohio Atlas, speaking of a lecture from this most excellent and conscientious agent, says:

"Dr. Hudson is an Agent of that branch of the old National Society, which embodies the advocates of women's right and *propriety* to participate in public discussions with men, the advocates of the "no human government" theory, &c. &c.

"In this address, Dr. Hudson made no allusion to any of these topics, but confined himself to the legitimate objects of an anti-slavery address, and commended the anti-slavery enterprise *proper* to the good sense, philanthropy, and piety of his hearers."

The editor of the Atlas betrays, by these remarks, entire ignorance of the subject to which he alludes; an ignorance which is, however, very natural and pardonable; for great pains have been taken to infuse the error generally into the public mind.

The Old Organization does indeed *embody* a few individuals, who cannot conscientiously sustain any existing human government; and it likewise *embodies* a few who thing that women ought to vote. So does it *embody* some who sustain banks, and some who hate them; some who believe Christ to be God, and some who regard him as a mere man; some who believe in eternal punishment, and some who believe in universal salvation. The mistake is in supposing that non-resistants and "women's rights" men ever introduced *their* views at anti-slavery meetings, any more than the Baptist introduced his doctrine of immersion, or the Universalist his theory of salvation. They *never* introduced those topics. It was by no means peculiar to Dr. Hudson, that he "confined himself to the legitimate objects of an anti-slavery address."

Men could pass over *old* differences of opinion, but some required that these *new* ones should be excluded from anti-slavery fellowship. A principle of freedom was herein involved, which the American Society could not conscientiously permit to be violated. It refused to apply this *test* to its members, as they would have refused to let a majority of Quakers exclude those who united in Monthly Concerts of Prayer.

This refusal to violate a free principle, has been twisted into the charge of endorsing opinions, which are in fact believed by a very small minority of the members.

L. M. C.

TEXAS.

Let not the friends of freedom be asleep at their post. This vile Republic is as cunning as she is fierce. It was long ago prophesied, even when her attempt was apparently most completely baffled, that she would slily watch an opportunity to slip into the Union unperceived, and that the abolitionists would wake up some morning and find the deed done.

Be assured that everything is, at this moment, in skilful preparation for such a result. Never was there a more auspicious time for such a purpose. Both of the great political parties are sold to the South; and it is difficult to decide which is most ready to do the foulest deeds at her bidding. Old party lines are broken up, and men's minds are bewildered and demoralized, by mutual efforts to cement the scattered parts with bargain and compromise. We have a bitter slaveholder for President, and a worse than slaveholder for his Prime Minister. The energies of abolition are weakened by division, and much of its activity wasted in political ballotings and nominations.

Texas is aware of all this, and will not let such an opportunity slip. She has procured books and reviews to be written in favor of her character, both in France and England; and has completely succeeded in gulling the popular sentiment in those countries. We have all along supposed this was not done without an object; though rather inclined to think it might be in reference to the loan she wished to negotiate.

We now learn, from the Natchez Free Trader, that a new proposition relative "to the union of Texas with this country, will be brought forward by a distinguished gentleman at the next session of Congress, under very favorable auspices."

It is a significant fact, that the Texan Congress have directed a marble bust of senator Walker, of Mississippi, who made the motion in the United States Senate, for the recognition of the Independence of Texas, and a portrait of senator Preston, who seconded the motion, to be placed in the capitol of that Republic.

Abolitionists, let not the triumph be obtained, without a strong, concentrated effort on your part!

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

We are told that our much respected friend yesterday informed the Monthly meeting of Friends, in this city, that he intended to appeal from their decision of disownment in his case, to the Quarterly meeting of Westbury.

The following is a copy of the complaint against him, as officially furnished:

"At the Monthly meeting of New-York, held 6th mo. 2nd, 1841, information was received from the Southern District Preparative meeting, that Charles Marriott is engaged in the support and publication of a paper, which tends to excite disunity and discord amongst us."

The paper alluded to is the "Anti-Slavery Standard." Now, in all kindness of feeling, we would ask whether this paper deserves the character here given? If so, we have been most unfortunate in our use of language; for our great object has been to support and advocate one of the noblest testimonies of that Society. The proceedings of the Monthly meeting of New-York, we apprehend, are indeed calculated to produce "disunity and discord;" at least if they expect that the 500 subscribers to this paper, who are members of the Society of Friends, are each to be deemed delinquents by their respective Monthly meetings—L. M. C.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 12.

I propose to fill this letter with an account of some remarkable individuals among the colored population. In the days of thoughtless romance, I might have smiled at such an idea, or have introduced it with some playful apology; such as the fact in natural history, that lions are black in Africa, and that she has her black swans also. But I have thought too deeply of this people's wrongs, and have discovered in them capabilities too high, to admit of merriment.

Among these lions, the brave Cinquez, and his thirty-four associates, are of course most prominent. Through the friendly thoughtfulness of Lewis Tappan, I received notice of a farewell meeting of the Mendians, at Zion's church, last week; and there I heard them for the first and last time.

I shall not give you a detailed account of the highly interesting services; for they were similar to those so often repeated in the newspapers; but I will glance at a few things which stand in most distinct relief on the tablet of my memory. Mr. A. T. Williams, their teacher, to whom they seemed warmly attached, opened the meeting, by giving a brief account of them. His introductory remarks jarred slightly on my feelings; for they *seemed* like ministering to an unjust public sentiment, though I do not think they were so *intended*. He said he wished to do away two errors, which had crept into the popular mind concerning these people. In the first place, they were not cannibals in their native country. In the next place, they did not rise against their masters, for cruel treatment; but in consequence of being tormented by the cook, who told them they would be cut up and salted for sale, as soon as they arrived in port I would rather not have had the motive presented to my mind in such an unheroic form. It knocked in the head all my *romantic* associations with Cinquez, as a brave soul, prefering death to slavery. I thought of his speech, which, had it been uttered by an ancient hero, Plutarch would have recorded as a gem. To a soul that could utter itself thus, it appeared to me that being sold salted must have appeared far preferable to being sold alive.—However, I am not disposed to quarrel with fact, because it is not romance. But when it was explained, as if in apology, that they did not rise against their masters, I felt disturbed. I was strongly moved to ask, "By what standard are these strangers to be tried? By the gospel standard, of which they had then never heard? Or by the same standard that the world judges of Washington, Kosciusko, and William Tell? The latter was the standard, not *professed* merely, (like the gospel) but *practically* acknowledged by nearly all of every American audience. Why, then, should an assembly with such sentiments be assured, in tones of apology, that Cinquez had not done what Washington and Kosciusko would assuredly have done under similar circumstances? If any people on earth have a right to fight in self-defense, the captured and enslaved negro has most peculiarly the right; and the advocates of defensive war are neither consistent nor magnanimous in refusing to make this admission. I, of course, cannot make it; because I believe all war to be a violation of the gospel.

Mr. Williams bore testimony to the very scrupulous honesty of these Mendians, and to their remarkable adherence to truth; which they had never been known to violate, in a single instance, though there had sometimes been very strong temptation to do it, to escape from blame. This quality was conspicuous in the artlessness of their remarks, and their unwillingness to say anything that was not really *within* them. Hence, there was a very observable difference between their manner of answering questions connected with their own experience and knowledge, and those relating merely to speculative faith.

All these interesting strangers carried their heads as freemen are wont to do, and several of them had very expressive countenances. Next to Cinquez, the youthful Kinna appeared most intelligent and interesting. Alluding to the progress in their education, he said, "When we Hartford, good gentleman bring us book—we no care much about. We say what good? Maybe to-morrow we die. But when we go to Farmington, and they tell us we no die, then we read—like much. We will tell Mendi people all whites no bad. We think all whites be same. But we find there be darkness-white, him you call Spaniard—that be evil white. But the snow-white—he 'Meriky-white, that be much good."

Being asked if he could love his enemies, he replied, with a strong foreign accent, "Yes I love *him*. Can pray to God forgive *him*." "If Ruiz should come to Mendi, and you should meet him alone in the bushes, what would you do?" "I let him go, I no touch *him*. But if him catch our children——him see what he catch!"

A loud shout of laughter and applause, from the crowded audience, here announced the universality of the instinct of retaliation; nor could I refrain from smiling at the *naive* earnestness of the reply.

Some one asked him when he experienced a change of heart; to which he answered, with most refreshing simplicity: "In prison, at Hartford, I think much of wrong things I do. I remember many wrong thing. I no want to do no more wrong thing. I pray to God he forgive me, I no do no more wrong thing. Good man say Christ die for me. I thank Christ because he pray his Father to come die for me."

"How do you know the Bible is the word of God?"

Kinna looked perplexed at this question, as if it conveyed no definite idea to his mind. After listening intently, as it was a second time repeated, he said: "In prison, I think I die. I no die. Good man say God take me out of jaws of my enemy. I thank God. Bible tell 'bout God. Like read much."

"How will you *prove* to the Mendi people that the Bible is the word of God?"

Here was a poser, that might have perplexed deeper theologians than the untutored African. He seemed puzzled; but after a little thought, answered with the unpretending honesty of a little child: "I ask Mendi people, 'You ever know Mendi to come back to father and mother, when darkness-white man catch him?' They say, 'No, never came back. We never no more see him.' I say, '*We* come back to Mendi. God put it in the hearts of good 'Meriky people. Bible tell 'bout God. You read Bible, you know 'bout God, that send us back to Mendi.'"

I thought these honest creatures would be vexatious materials, should any theological drill-serjeant try to substitute a routine of catechisms and creeds for the indwelling life. Spiritual murderers are all such—men who smother human souls—to whatever sect they may belong. May none such tarnish the truthful simplicity of these poor children of the sun.

James Covey, the interpreter, after describing in his broken language, his introduction to the captives, and how he discovered that they spoke the same language as his father and mother, repeated some little incidents, one of which pleased me much. "One Sunday, when I go to prison, Cinquez hear the bell ring. He say 'what for bell ring?' I tell him when 'Meriky people go pray to God, they ring bell. He say, 'These people be fool. When want pray to God, what for ring bell?'"

Three or four of the company read quite tolerably; and the boy, Kali, spelled entire sentences of Scripture with great correctness. Five of them united in singing, "When I can read my title clear," to the tune of "Auld lang syne." Two songs were then sung in their native dialect; both decidedly pleasant to my ear, but the last particularly so. The first strongly resembled a German catch, which I have somewhere heard. The last was soft, melodious, and friendly in its sound; consisting of question and response, plainly marked in the emphasis and cadence of the tones.

I imagined it must be very like the Italian gondoliers, replying to each other in music across the Venetian waters. Their teacher explained that it was an African welcome to newly-arrived guests; the constantly-recurring chorus, which sounded like "Come—— O? Come —— O?" signified "Will you stay? Will you stay?" The answer, as often repeated, "I love you, and will stay with you."

Wm. W. Anderson, formerly Solicitor-General for Jamaica, made some interesting statements concerning the missionary spirit excited among the emancipated of that island, and gave a very saisfactory account of their rapid improvement in knowledge, morality, and religion.

Through all the services, Cinquez had remained seated among his brethren, in a quiet, unpretending manner, yet evidently the great man of the evening. Several of them whispered to him; to which he replied with a dignified bend of the head, not even turning his eyes. Toward the close of the evening he gave an account, in his native tongue, of taking the Amistad from their Spanish masters. His style of eloquence was perfectly electrifying. He moved rapidly about the pulpit, his eyes flashed, his tones were vehement, his motions graceful, and his gestures, though taught by nature, were in the highest style of dramatic art. He seemed to hold the hearts of his companions chained to the magic of his voice. During his narrative, they ever and anon broke forth into spontaneous responses, with the greatest animation. He illustrates perfectly the description given by Lander, and other travellers, of the eloquent and exciting *palavers* of Africa.

Theodore Wright, pastor of the African Presbyterian church, spoke very feelingly of the Mendian mission, as one that rejoiced the hearts of the colored people. It was the first one in which they had been able to unite with their whole souls. All other missions had been in partnership with colonization, that worst enemy of their persecuted race; or they had joined hands with the slaveholder, by consenting to accept from his treasury the price of African blood. But he thanked God the skirts of *this* mission were pure. Not a cent from those who bought or sold human beings would ever be allowed to pollute its funds.

There is beautiful propriety in the fact, that these interesting strangers, so wonderfully rescued from slavery, are the first occasion of *such* a mission. May it be wisely conducted, and abundantly blessed!

Above all people in the world, the African race are probably most susceptible of religious feeling, and have the strongest tendency to devotion. Swedenborg speaks of them as being nearer to Christians in the spiritual world than any other heathen; by reason of their docility and reverence. He moreover makes the remarkable statement that the only church on earth, acknowledged by the angels as a true church, is in the centre of Africa, unvisited and unknown to the rest of the world; and if I recollect aright, he implies that, by simplicity and obedience, they have preserved that visible intercourse with spiritual beings, which is recorded of the most ancient church.

Whether this be true or not, the world will probably find out some time or other; but of one thing I have long been assured—that a very prominent place among the nations must be assigned to the African race, whenever the age of Moral Sentiment arrives. Creatures of affection and of faith, everything marks them peculiarly appropriate to represent a religious age, as the Anglo-Saxons were to represent an intellectual one.

Every idea that one has in these days, if they do not make great haste to utter it, is sure to come to them from a hundred other sources. Thus I found the thought so long familiar to my mind echoed by Kinmont, in his lectures on Man. Speaking of the civilization of Africa, he says: "It will be—indeed it must be—civilization of a peculiar stamp; perhaps we might venture to conjecture, not so much distinguished by *art* as a certain beautiful *nature*; not so marked or adorned by *science*, as exalted and refined by a new and lovely *theology*; a reflection of the light of heaven, more perfect and endearing than that which the intellects of the Caucasian race have ever yet exhibited. There is more of the *child*, of unsophisticated *nature*, in the negro race than in the European." And again: "The sweeter graces of the Christian religion appear almost too tropical and tender plants to grow in the soil of the Caucasian mind. They require a character of human nature, of which you can see the rude lineaments in the Ethiopian, to be implanted in and grow naturally and beautifully withal."

Dr. Channing says, "A short residence among the negroes of the West Indies impressed me with their capacity of improvement. On all sides I heard of their religious tendencies, the noblest in human nature."—Speaking of British emancipation, he says: "History contains no record more touching than the account of the religious, tender thankfulness which this vast boon awakened in the negro breast."

A few evenings since, I went to Asbury-street church to hear a blind Methodist preacher, who had once been a slave. His countenance was good, but he had not that frank, noble bearing of the Haitian, or the African, fresh from his native deserts. This no man can attain to in a community that treats him as an inferior. His voice, like that of most Methodist preachers, sounded like a rasp going over hard wood; the result of their loud style of speaking, continued for an astonishing length of time without cadance or intonation. But there was a charm in his earnest, and evidently sincere feeling; and touches of real eloquence were interspersed here and there, like stars in a cloudy sky. He spoke of "Brother Paul," with a familiarity well suited to this most democratic of all sects. The picture he drew of Paul and Silas in prison, showed great vividness of imagination. Speaking of the chains, he placed his hand upon his heart, and exclaimed, "But they couldn't chain him *here!* They might gag his mouth; but every whisper of his soul God would hear in Heaven."

This William Harden has the acute senses and strong memory common to the totally blind. Though he was never able to read, he can repeat the Bible from one end to the other, and give out any hymn in the book, from memory. In this interesting man I probably had a good sample of some of the slave preachers, addressing their fellow slaves from a stump in the forest, and often attracting the planters and their families by their untutored eloquence.

It is invidious to single out a few individuals, where many deserve commendation; but as I lately met with Hester Lane, I cannot forbear giving her a passing notice. Diligent, capable, and laborious, she has earned a great deal of money by washing and ironing. With these hard earnings she has purchased ten out of the house of bondage; in some cases receiving her pay by small instalments, in others receiving nothing. The heart of a king may dwell in a pedlar's breast, and right regal may be the soul of a washerwoman. I have another heroine to describe, but must reserve her for my next letter.—L. M. C.

THE ADELPHIC UNION.

This is the name of an Institution in Boston, composed of colored men, whose object is the general improvement of its members in science and literature.—They have evinced great earnestness and liberality in this laudable design; and we trust they will be encouraged by all who rejoice in the progress of knowledge, whether they are professedly anti-slavery or not. Since the establishment of this Society, several literary and scientific gentlemen have delivered gratuitous lectures for their benefit. They are now establishing a library, and an excellent opportunity is afforded for sending donations of books, or money to purchase them. Those who have duplicates of any useful or entertaining volumes, would find this a profitable way to dispose of them.*

Let it not be forgotten that we owe a great debt to our colored brethren for long, long years of exclusion from our colleges and schools, and an habitual contempt, which has almost *compelled* them to be ignorant and therefore sensual; though they had ever ample capacity, and a strong desire, to be useful and intelligent citizens.

We would avoid the term *colored* brethren, if we could devise any way of being distinctly understood without it: for, much do we abhor any division of mankind into classes. An uncouth but intelligent speaker at a public meeting expressed our exact opinion, in a manner none the less true for being somewhat comic: "Mr. chairman, I am an *individual*; and my wife, there, (pointing across the room,) she's an individual; we're both on us individuals; and we're all on us individuals."

* Orders sent to Thomas Cole, Librarian, Atkinson-street, or to Wm. C. Nell, Secretary, 25 Cornhill, Boston, will be attended to.

☞ A letter has been received from B. Weld, Wilmington, Delaware. The editor declines to publish it; not because she does not like a large portion of it, nor yet because she disagrees with another portion; but simply because she wishes to avoid all allusion to past divisions, except when it is absolutely necessary for conscience' sake. Friend Weld will please to remember that the paragraph to which he replies was not in the Standard.

☞ The request, concerning one copy of the Standard, from the Friend of Man, is lost. If repeated, it shall be attended to.

Anti-Slavery Items.

THE BRAVE SOUUH! THE BIG SOUTH!—Gov. Richardson in his Message, calls the serious consideration of the South Carolina legislature to a communication from the Governor of Virginia, concerning the recent controversy with New York, and to the Alabama Resolutions responding to the sentiments of Virginia.

He says: "If the obligations of the Constitution which require one State to deliver, on demand, fugitives from another, are to be disregarded,—our institutions assailed,—the plunderers of our property encouraged and protected,—then must we regard the perpetrator of these aggressions, 'no matter by whom committed,' as a foe to our rights, and an enemy to our peace. Whether the wrong in this case has been done to Virginia or South Carolina, the principle is the same, the interest involved common to both, and the responsibility of protecting them should equally devolve on every State in the Union, in which Justice exercises dominion, or similar institutions exist. Persisting in such a course of unprovoked hostility to the interests and institutions of the South, New-York can only be regarded in the light of any other aggressing power—*in peace friends, but enemies in war.*"

"IMPORTANT IF TRUE."—The last Emancipator gives information that the old American Society *broke up* in 1840.

COLONIZATION IN OHIO.—The Philanthropist says:—"Colonization has taken heart since the mob. It sees in the riots fresh proof that the two races cannot dwell together. Its first attempt to get up a meeting, as we have noticed, was a failure. The second attempt succeeded. Gentlemen who have never been known to interpose, for the melioration of the colored people around them, all at once have become penetrated with a profound sympathy for the blacks, if they will but submit to be expatriated. The colored people were invited to attend, but not one was present. They understand too well the ruinous bearings of this scheme on their interests."

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.—By a recent treaty between France and Hayti, the latter accedes to the treaty between France and Great Britain for the suppression of the slave trade. All slaves found on board the vessels of either nation are declared free!

JOSEPH STURGE.—A letter from this gentleman says: "It is a most happy thing that the independence of Texas was not recognized, before the late government went out of office, and we are now greatly in hopes it will not be recognized by the present cabinet. We are much engaged with the consideration of the distress of our laboring population. Our Corn Laws and Class legislation bid fair to pauperize our country, unless we can work a change; and the aristocracy and many of the middle class are about as bitter against the chartists, as the pro-slavery party are against the people of color with you."

THE NEW STATE.—The slaveholders will divide Florida into two States as an offset against Iowa and Wisconsin. To balance the new free State to be formed beyond Iowa, is the object of making a new slave State from Kentucky and Tennessee. It is urged that "the *length* of Tennessee is now too great for beauty, or State purposes."

PENNSYLVANIA HALL.—The proprietors of this building are indicted for not pulling down the ruined walls, as dangerous to the public. The Freeman says: "This public first burnt down the most splendid fabric in America, the most beautiful building ever erected in this country for public speaking; and now indict the owners because the fire did not complete the hellish work."

RAILROADS.—Judge Simmons, of Boston, has decided that the Eastern Railroad Company have a perfect right to run a 'Jim Crow' car, and to assort their passengers and determine which of them shall ride in it, if they ride at all. On that principle, they may determine that all who do not wear superfine cloth, shall be doomed to that car; and it would not be so unrighteous a rule as the one they now enforce. The people must take this matter in hand, and see what virtue there is in legislation to correct the evil. We say, for one, down with the odious and aristocratic monopoly.—*Worcester Spy.*

CONVENTION OF SLAVEHOLDERS.—During the session of Ann Arundel county court, in Annapolis, the slaveholders of that county and city held a meeting and appointed delegates to the convention of slaveholders, to be held in Annapolis, on the second Wednesday of January next.

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 11th mo. (Nov.) 30th.

Received for the Standard.—The following persons have each paid $2:—B. Mowry, Dedham, Mass.; Abigail Mott, for Charles A. Hopkins, Constantine, Michigan; William Coffin, J. C. Tabor, Julius Lyons, William H. Stowell, Esq., Rodney French, James C. Congdon, Esq., Dr. E. W. Green, Wm. C. Tabor, Wm. Durfee, Jas. Durfee, jr., Dudley Davenport, Chas. Hafford, Elizabeth Rodman, Arch. B. Lloyd, Benjamin Townsend and Paul C. Phelps, of New Bedford, Mass.; Hon. Samuel French, Berkley, Mass.; Achsa Williams, Richmond, Indiana; Betsey Hoxie, Samuel Hance and John Clark, Williamson, N. Y.—William Dudley, jr., Galen, Wayne county, N. Y. 13-100; Perry Brownell, Lewis L. Bartlett, Charles W. Underwood and Price Shepherd, New Bedford, Mass. each paid $1; H. C. Vose, Sippican, $1; Nathan Marble, Port Byron, N. Y. $2; Archibald Green, Port Byron, N. Y. $4; Samuel Brown, Port Byron, N. Y. $1.—$58 13.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, Treasurer.

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of the moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some *certain* data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged			$878 00
879	William Coffin, New Bedford, Mass.		1 00
880	Nathan Jackson,	" "	1 00
881	Joseph Ricketson,	" "	1 00
882	David Silvester,	" "	1 00
883	Philip Anthony,	" "	1 00
884	Anna Bailey,	" "	1 00
885	Anna M. Bailey,	" "	1 00
886	Zenas Whittimore,	" "	1 00
887	Deborah B. Green, Warwick, R. I.		1 00
888	Abby Pierce, Pleasantville, N. Y.		1 00
889	Sarah Carter, Northampton, Mass.		1 00

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Distress in Spitalfields.—There are about 14,000 looms in Bethnal-green, Spitalfields, Shoreditch, &c.—about 3,000 are quite out of work, and the 11,000 at work are 3-4ths of their time employed, which causes great distress and privation among those who are considered the respectable portion of the district. There are about 800 souls in Betnal-green poor house, and about 1,600 receiving out-door relief. There are hundreds without a bed to lie on, having parted with it for food. Cases are occurring every day that weavers are parting with their looms and tools to obtain food for their starving families—those being the only things left of any value that they can dispose of; and when they are gone, they are quite destitute—not a bed to lie on—not a chair to rest on, nor tools to work with. This is the heartbreaking situation of many hundreds of the useful, industrious Spitalfields weavers. Pawnbrokers and furniture brokers are so stocked with goods, that they have great difficulty to find room to put them in their warehouses. Three-fourths of the shopkeepers are insolvent—rents cannot be got in—to distrain is of no use. All that could be sold is gone for food.

Upwards of £1000 have been raised in London for the destitute Paisley operatives. The Queen gave £100, and Sir Robert Peel gave £50.

The Corn Laws.—Several noblemen, favorable to a change in the corn laws, but despairing of attaining their object through Parliament, resolved to assume their privilege of asking an audience of the Queen, to present in person the memorials and petitions which had been sent to them from various parts of the kingdom. It is said the Queen has been advised not to receive any such deputations.

Expenses of Royalty.—In the House of Lords, on the 27th ult., Lord Brougham expressed great dissatisfaction at the circumstance that £70,000 had been expended for the royal stables, at a time when he could hardly wring £20,000 from the Government, for the education of the people. Viscount Melbourne explained that the grant was indispensable, and the Duke of Wellington concurred with him.

The Reverse of Starving Weavers.—Notwithstanding gloomy prospects, one firm in London, the Messrs. Cabet, have entered into a contract to build *six thousand* houses in the neighborhood of Belgrave square, one of the most fashionable localities in the metropolis. The sewerage of the ground alone will, it is calculated, cost £25,000, or about $125,000.

A new grand window of stained glass, for the south transept of Westminster Abbey, is in London. It has cost ten thousand guineans.

Prince Albert.—The Queen's husband makes himself very popular by keeping aloof from politics, and treating the gentlemen of the Court, Whigs and Tories alike, as companions. He seems to have no ambition but to *please* all, and make himself and the Queen *personally* liked.—Those who have continual opportunities of knowing, represent the domestic life of the royal couple as the perfection of that happiness which springs from sincere and devoted mutual attachment.

Irish Prize for a Yankee to catch.—A premium of one hundred guineas is offered by the Belfast Flax Society to any person who will, within six months from the first of November next, exhibit a machine for breaking the woody part of flax from the fibre, and for scutching—produce from the straw both quality and quantity equal to the produce of Flemish and Dutch hand-scutching—and obviate all the objections to the present flax-mill machinery, &c.

SPAIN.

Don Carlos and Christina are carrying on a negotiation to effect the marriage of young Isabella with the eldest son of Carlos. The point at issue is whether the prince shall be crowned in his own right, or only as the husband of the young queen.

The *Gironde* states that the three millions of francs said to be sent by Queen Christina to the insurgents in Spain, never reached their destination. "The money was stolen," says this journal, "and the incident occurring during a serious political conflict, is characteristic of our epoch."

The order of Jesuits, which was re-established in Spain, in 1815, has been suppressed by royal decree.

PRUSSIA.

A late German paper says, it has been some time expected that the Prussian government would abolish the punishment of death; but, after mature deliberation, it was decided that, whatever other countries might do, the time for adopting such a resolution was not yet come for Prussia.

It is said that the King of Prussia is so reluctant to affix his signature to the confirmations of capital sentences, that a number accumulates before his decision can be obtained. On account of this delay, it lately became necessary for him to sign *eight* in one day. The King, to shift the responsibility from his own shoulders, recently altered the style of death-warrants, and instead of "*We, William, by the Grace of God*" &c. they now commence, "*In the name of the law.*"

RUSSIA.

The Emperor has issued several recent decrees intended to obliterate still more the nationality of Poland.—Russian coins are to be substituted for those heretofore issued by the mint at Warsaw, and all accounts are to be kept in Russian currency after the first of January, 1842.

Riots Everywhere.—A conspiracy for reuniting Belgium with Holland, is announced in the Belgium papers. The plot extended to Ghent, Antwerp, and Liege. Several of the leaders have been arrested, and warrants were issued against a large number of persons.

In the vexatious business of governing this province, Leopold makes such frequent journeys to London, Paris, and the Rhine, that he is called the Road King.

Not long since, a *strike* and tumult of the operatives at Potsdam, were quelled by charges of dragoons.

The King of Denmark threatens the illicit associations of workmen in his realm—whose affiliation to those of central Germany has been discovered—with the severest penalties.

The political clubs and violent parties in Hungary give trouble to Prince Metternich.

The Emperor Nicholas finds Poland a perpetual cause of disquietude, and military preparation.

The eleven hundred thousand Catholics in Holland are clamorous for the legal establishment of their religion, according to King William's agreement with Rome; the execution of which is stoutly resisted by the Calvinist Consistory.

There has been an earthquake at Constantinople in which a number of persons perished. Here too there has been a popular outbreak. The Armenian church has been governed by rich bankers and clergy. This aristocracy, being misplaced for application of funds, made an effort to regain their power, and succeeded in procuring the imprisonment of their successors, who had been selected from artisans and other middling classes. The people, being informed of this, became furious, and thronged the palace of the Sultan. An aged bishop who had been a patriarch was sent out to address them. As soon as he commenced, the multitude exclaimed—"Shut your mouth. Shut your mouth. You well know our oppressions, and we will not hear you." A priest next came out, and they pulled out his beard, and treated him with every indignity, shouting; "These are our oppressors. Let no one tread his foot in a church while these men are there."

The imprisoned councillors were released, and government gave assurance that *will of the people would be regarded!*

YUCATAN.

An act declaring Yucatan independent of Mexico had been introduced into the Yucatan House of Representatives; and after a long and very interesting debate had been passed by an almost unanimous vote. It was immediately taken up in the Senate, and a stormy discussion ensued. No doubt existed, however, of its speedy passage through that body, and its full enactment into a law.

TEXAS.

President Lamar's Message to Congress states that the commercial convention treaty with England is not completed, because of some difficulty about a clause in the instrument respecting the suppression of the slave trade with the United States.

Santa Anna had officially avowed his hostility to Texas. Commenting upon the authority to enforce loans, he inquires, what is to become of a country "that cannot maintain a small squadron to prevent the pitiful Texans from coming to hoist their banners in front of those of the republic—that cannot render that succor which she ought to other departments threatened by a few detestable adventurers who, not content with the possession of the whole department of Texas, are now trying to extend their infamous conquest even to N. Mexico, Chihuahua and California—that has no revenue—that depends upon borrowing, without credit at home or abroad."

General Items.

Literary.—An edition of Sparks' Life of Washington is about to be published in Rome.

Good News.—Hon. John Quincy Adams has *not* declined a re-election to Congress. On the contrary, he says that so long as his strength shall allow, and his constituents shall desire, he will continue to serve them.

M'Leod in Trouble.—It is said that this notorious individual has been arrested on a capias, at Niagara, for defalcations in Canada.

Betting.—They have an excellent law in Maryland, by which all money staked upon the results of elections is forfeited to the use of Primary Schools in the county where the money is deposited. A suit was tried in Baltimore County court, in which the Commissioners of the county claimed two hundred dollars, staked upon the result of the last Presidential election in Penn-sylvania. Various shifts were resorted to for the purpose of defeating the claim, but the jury gave a verdict for the Commissioners.

Prince de Joinville.—The object of his American tour is said to be to obtain a thorough knowledge of our steam navigation.

Capital Punishment.—A bill for the abolition of capital punishment was recently introduced into the Vermont House of Representatives. It was lost by a vote of 107 to 87.

Frightful Mortality.—The Rev. Mr. Clapp, in a recent sermon preached at New Orleans, stated that within the last twenty years there had died from the yellow fever and cholera in that city, 100,000 human beings, one fourth of which number were young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty.

Important Decision.—Judge Baker, residing at the late term of the Superior Court of Norfolk county, decided that the enlistment of an alien was illegal. This decision, which deeply affects the military service of the United States, and by construction might have rejected the services of Lafayette and his noble foreign compeers, was made on the petition for a *habeas corpus*, by a soldier who had enlisted under Col. Fanning, who claimed to be discharged on the ground that he was a subject of Great Britain, at the time of his enlistment, being a native of Dublin.

TEXAS LYNCHING.

We have been put in possession of the facts in relation to this affair, which is one among the last Texas tragedies. The citizens of Jefferson county, it appears, have long suffered from their outrages; and from their numbers and total recklessness of character, it seemed impossible to arrest their injuries by the hand of civil power. Cattle had been stolen, robberies committed, and citizens insulted and murdered; but still, whenever any were arrested on the charge, the gang came forward with perjured oaths, and they were acquitted. 'Yoakum' was hardened into the most inveterate degree of crime, and seemed but to reap enjoyment by pursuing the most fiendish acts of robbery and murder. It is a most singular instance of the effects of habit. He was a rich and affluent planter, and lived in a sumptuous and most magnificent manner—kept a splendid equipage—owned over a hundred negroes, and large tracts of land—had constantly about a hundred breeding mares; made a yearly sale of fifteen hundred cattle, and had a large revenue coming in from other sources. There is no doubt but what he was the richest man in Texas. Yet, with all this wealth, his disposition to plunder knew no bounds.

The cause of his death arose from an abortive attempt to murder Mr. Carey of Houston County. Mr. C. is a highly respectable and wealthy citizen of the town of Houston, and was, at the time, staying at the residence of Yoakum. He was suspected of having a large sum of money with him, and Yoakum determined he should be murdered while in bed. The plan was properly matured during the day, and every thing placed in readiness for its commission. Nothing remained but the darkness of the night. Then the pulse had to beat its last throb, and the cold hand of death steal away the last expiring breath. Fortunately, a faithful negro servant of Mr. Carey had heard of the intended murder, and communicated the design to his master in sufficient time to leave him a chance of escape. He managed to do this, and when sufficiently out of the reach of Yoakum, made the facts public to the citizens. The people no sooner heard of it than they were satisfied of its truth; for the good character of Mr. C. is proverbial.

A meeting was held, which resulted in the formation of an armed corps, exceeding one hundred in number, who resolved to drive the whole gang out of the county. This they proceeded to do; but, in the mean time, Yoakum heard of his plot having been detected, and fearing the indignation of the people, had left his plantation, and in company with some of his gang and negroes, started for the West. When the corps heard of this, they immediately gave him pursuit. It was not long before they found out his route; and, soon after, both parties met at a place called the Big Cypress, near Houston. Here a portion of his gang resided. The corps shot Yoakum and one or two of the most desperate ru

Poetry.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
The wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers
That lately sprung and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves,
The gentle race of flowers,
And lying in their lowly bed,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wild flower and the violet,
They perish'd long ago;
And the wild rose and the orchis died
Amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun flower by the brook
In Autumn beauty stood.
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
From upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mid day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill.
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side:
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely,
Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was, that one
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Seated exactly as Phebe had left them, Lucy plying her needle, and Edward with a volume in his hand, which, however, he read not—she talking with that subdued cheerfulness which hoped to animate, yet feared to wound her melancholy brother; and he, listening as a man might do, who fondly loved the speaker, but had no share in the subject of which she conversed;—it was thus that Frederic Steinmark, having skilfully and successfully followed Phebe's instructions as to the route he should take, found the pair he sought.

Lucy uttered an exclamation of joy, and sprang forward to meet him. Edward colored with a feeling which, if he could have dispassionately, and with perfect reason, weighed and judged his actions, might have taught him to doubt their wisdom at least, if not their purity. If thus withdrawing himself from the friendly hand that sought to save him, and separating with a violence that threatened to destroy them both, the destinies of his orphan sister from his own—if these things had been wholly good and wholly wise, Edward Bligh would not have blushed as the mild eye of Frederic Steinmark rested on him.

Edward did not,—alas! he could not, reason thus himself; but his friend did, and a smile that spoke hope of success over feelings of which the amiable owner was visibly ashamed, lighted up his countenance as he sat down between the brother and sister.

"Edward, you know what I am come for—I see that in your face; so one portion of my discourse may be spared;—and I see, too, that you would not be very sorry were I to spare you the remainder also; but this I cannot do—unless, indeed, you will lay down your arms at once, and consent to march out of your garrison with all the honors of war?"

"Do not, my kind friend, seek to draw me from this humble shelter now. You know not—you cannot know, the deep and solemn thoughts which are at work within me. It is my duty to listen to them, and I even doubt whether—having, through your goodness, the power of giving her a better home—I am not wrong in letting my sister—though she alone of the whole world can faintly and distantly comprehend a part of what passes in my heart,—I doubt, Mr. Steinmark, if I am not wrong even in letting Lucy stay with me."

"You are, indeed!—and I rejoice that on that point you now seem able to reason justly, Edward: I only wish that you had strength of mind and firmness of character sufficient to enable you to act accordingly: But this, my poor friend, it is evident you have not, or you would not suffer this dear girl, who, though she has not yet counted twenty years, has tasted more real sorrow than is usually awarded to the innocent as their mortal burden for a whole life;—you would not in that case, Edward, suffer her to turn from the warm affection of a family, who are able and willing to protect and cherish her, back to the misery and desolation that it is your capricious and diseased taste to prefer."

It might be difficult to say whether Edward or Lucy were the most astonished at this address.—Yet their feelings upon it were wholly different. Lucy believed, in the sincerity and humility of her heart, that the flattering welcome she had met at Reichland, proceeded from no claims of her own upon their kindness or good liking, but solely from the love and reverence which they bore to her unfortunate but admirable brother. In addition, however, to the astonishment which arose from the individual affection expressed for herself, she was at least equally surprised at the tone of strong though friendly censure assumed by Mr. Steinmark, in speaking of Edward's distaste for all society, and his melancholy clinging to the sadness that had crushed him. There was no mixture of selfishness in the anxiety with which she watched the effect of this on his countenance, nor in the hope that fluttered at her heart, as she at length read there an ingenuous acknowledgment that his monitor was right.

The first emotion, indeed, which this address produced on Edward, was, like that of his sister, extreme surprise. He was fully aware of having inspired a most benevolent and kindly feeling in the generous heart of Frederic Steinmark; but till now, had no idea that he held such a place there as should inspire the paternal interest which this strong reproof manifested. The manner in which this reproof affected him—the grateful, and even the gratified emotion with which he listened to words apparently so harsh, showed plainly what the generous nature was, which sorrow and over-wrought enthusiasm had so sadly marred.

"My dear and most true friend!" exclaimed Edward, rising from his seat and taking the extended hand of Steinmark, "you have indeed conquered me; and with the exception of one trifling wilfulness that still clings to my heart, I promise to do all that you would have me."

"Then you are indeed the man I thought you were when I first offered you my friendship. For the '*trifling wilfulness*,' we shall find time to talk of it hereafter; but the first use I make of the power you have given me is to command you both instantly to set to work to get all things ready for your voyage. Cæsar shall be here with Karl's little cart, in an hour or two, to convey your packages to Reichland; and Karl himself shall follow to escort you home——Home, my dear children, to my heart and house. You ought to thank me, Edward, for not bringing him with me, as he desired most vehemently that I would do; but I knew that I was very angry, and that I should scold you heartily, and I did not think it quite fair that anybody but Lucy should overhear it."

Jestingly as this was said, its thoughtful and observant kindness was like balm to the wounded and sensitive Edward; and he resolved, let it cost him what it would, to endure the sight of Sigismond's happiness without flying from it,—nay, even to welcome it as a penance for having suffered an earth-born passion to mix itself in his soul with his thoughts of heaven.

Lucy's joy at witnessing the benign effect of the good man's eloquence, was in proportion to the heavy weight, almost amounting to despair, which had rested upon her heart before his arrival. The dreadful struggle that awaited her, between leaving for ever the brother she so loved and who so much needed her care, and remaining with him contrary to his wishes and his will, shook her firmness more than anything she had yet endured. But now all smiled again: they should together see that world on which, from her very earliest years, her fancy had been fixed; and, what was perhaps a blessing more dearly valued still, they should leave together, and, as she trusted, forever, the land that had witnessed their bitter sufferings.

In a few hours, they were again at Reichland; and poor Edward deserved more praise than any one, even including Lucy, thought of giving him, for the violent efforts he made to conquer a sensation of misery that more than once made him wish that, without sin, he could close his eyes forever on the light of day. Yet all rejoiced at hearing him speak with hope of the future, and with pleasure at the idea of the voyage they were about to make. Neither Edward nor Lucy had ever yet seen the ocean; a circumstance by no means uncommon to the uncommercial portion of the inhabitants of Kentucky;—indeed, the proportion of women in that State who have seen the sea, to those who have not, may be fairly stated as about one to a hundred.

This first evening that Edward Bligh had consented to pass with the happy race of Steinmark, as one of their family—this first night that he had consented to pass beneath their roof, was that of Thursday. The following day had nearly run its course, the labors of preparation were nearly ended, and all, save one, were looking forward to the morrow as the delightful moment at which their hopes were to begin their course of fruition, when Hermann Steinmark, who shared all his father's hatred to the feeling which is called "*prejudice to color*," said to his mother,

"I wish you would let that gay, young Cæsar and his *chere amie*, go in the same wagon with us, mother. It would be a perfect treat to watch their ecstacy."

"I think so, too, Hermann; I never saw creatures so happy. And it is the prettiest thing in the world, too, to watch Phebe's little April showers, when she thinks of her poor mother; for then again comes the bright sunshine of love and hope, and her tears are dried in an instant. But we shall not have place for two—and you would not be so cruel as to part the lovers?"

"How many does your wagon hold?" said Edward, timidly.

"Nine," answered Mary,—"three on each seat: and I really do not think it would be fair to the horses, especially as we have the use of them out of grace and favor, to take more. So Hermann must postpone the pleasure of watching the happy pair, till we are fairly launched upon the Mississippi; and before we reach Germany, he will have a very fair opportunity of judging whether their affection is likely to be enduring."

"But if you take them with you, there will be but nine," said Edward. "My kind friend half promised to indulge me in one *trifling wilfulness*; and this is, the determination to follow you to New-Orleans, on Monday."

No one made any answer. Frederic Steinmark, who was talking very gayly to Lucy at the moment this declaration was made, stopped short in the midst of what he was saying, but uttered not a word in reply to it. About half an hour afterwards he left the room, and as he did so, touched the arm of Edward, saying, "come with me, Bligh, for a moment—I want to speak to you."

Edward immediately rose and followed him.—What passed between them was never exactly explained; but, by some means or other, every one in the house knew, before they went to bed, that the drive to Natchez, on their way to New-Orleans, was postponed.

The Saturday passed in saying farewell to such of their widely-scattered neighbors as had excited most interest among them. The German servants were sent off with the goods. The favorite walks, and even the favorite trees, were visited; and even the very cattle which had been sold with the estate, received a parting look of kindness.

Edward and Lucy ventured to visit many of those who had made part of their woodland congregation. Their speedy departure, they knew, must quench any jealous fears which seeing them address the negroes might excite; and they were personally so entirely unknown among the officers on the estate of Paradise Plantation, that they were considered by all, except such of the slaves as knew them, as travelling strangers, who were examining all things for the gratification of their curiosity.

Lucy remarked as her brother turned from away each of his sable and sorrowing flock—and many were the tears they shed,—he spoke a few farewell words apart to each of them. Poor Peggy was the last they visited,—and a melancholy visit it was: but she, too, received Edward's last greeting apart, and seemed to derive some feeling of comfort from his words. Old Juno could not be found: They visited her remote cabin twice in the course of the day; but the frail door was locked, and every attempt at making themselves heard, ineffectual. On Sunday, which was the good Clio's only holiday, she was invited to take her tea with the Reichland family; Lucy and her brother both declaring that so far from feeling any displeasure at the mysterious story and unintelligible warning she had brought, they had the highest respect for her character as described by the neighbors who had known her so long; and loved her the better for the care she had labored to take of them, though not very well understanding what the danger was from which she wished to guard them.

Clio appeared in her very best attire; and, spite of the sorrow she expressed and felt at the approaching departure of her friendly neighbors, she was so elated at the rich inheritance which had fallen to her nephew, that her conversation was, as Karl observed, perfectly sparkling with delight.—All trace of her late alarm seemed to have passed away; and when Mary referred to it, by inquiring if she had heard any more of the threatened mob, she only answered,

"Dear Missis Steinmark, ma'am, what can be heard of now at Natchez, but only the prosperity of darling of Paradise Plantation?"

"Then you have heard nothing more of that strange story about our friends, Mr. and Miss Bligh?" said Steinmark, looking at them as he spoke.

"No, indeed; and I beg their pardons downright; for I expect 'twas a story, my Jonathan brought out to us for fun—for never a word more of it have I heard, good or bad. He was after asking me a lot of questions, Jonathan was, before he was the master of your place, Master Steinmark, and Paradise Plantation, and the five hundred niggers, and the money, and all the rest of the treasure: but since that, though he has been out to tell us of his greatness, he said never a word about any of ye."

"Well, Clio," said Lotte, "I hope now you will leave off working in the store, and that you will enjoy yourself all the rest of your life, as you deserve to do."

"Me!—Miss Lotte, dear?—Do you mean me never do any more work?—My! that would be jam! But how can I be so unreasonable as to look to live like a lady, jest because my darling boy's made a planter, and a congressman, and a senator, and a president, maybe, Miss Lotte? Why for should I be a burden upon him, for all that? Bless his sweet face! I'd work for him now, if he'd let me, harder than any slave—only it would not seem so grand for him."

This was a theme poor Clio could not get weary of; but the time of her departure came, and she did depart—and many were the good wishes interchanged, and many and affectionate the farewells spoken, and repeated, till the last gate was passed, and the simple-hearted Clio disappeared.

For another hour or two the family remained together. The time and manner of departure on the morrow was then finally arranged, and the party separated.

Lucy, as she passed a small room at the foot of the stairs, fancied she heard her brother's voice within it, conversing earnestly with Steinmark. She paused for a moment to ascertain the fact; for it was her purpose to enter Edward's room before she went to bed, as during the whole day she had not passed a moment with him alone. While listening for a sound that might give her the information she desired, she heard Steinmark say, "And they have promised to meet you?" Edward replied, "They have;" and satisfied as to the fact, though puzzled by the words, she passed on, waiting on the stairs for Lotte, who had been engaged for a few moments with her mother in the parlor below.

As soon as the two girls reached the apartment which they shared between them, Lotte prepared immediately to go to bed, declaring herself so fatigued by all her walkings and talkings, that she feared she should hardly be awake in the morning early enough to be ready by the hour fixed.

"You look tired, dear Lotte," said Lucy,—"so make haste and get to sleep as fast as you can. I will not disturb you; but I must say one word to my poor, pale Edward before I go to bed, for I have hardly spoken to him to-day. I shall not stay long, and I will creep back again as quietly as a mouse.

"You will not find your brother in his room, Lucy; my mother told me that he is shut up, for the third time to-day, with my father, in the little parlor. What can they be consulting about now?"

"Heaven knows!" said Lucy, with something like an anxious sigh. "But if he has not come up stairs yet, I will wait for him in the room. So good-night, dear Lotte!—go to sleep, and be sure I will not wake you."

Lucy found, as she expected, her brother's room untenanted; and sitting down beside the open window, she determined to wait for him. She still fancied that she heard at intervals, the voices of Steinmark and her brother, in the room below; but at length everything was silent, the last sound she heard being that of a door carefully opened and then closed again. But still her brother came not; and weary as she was, she would have given up the idea of speaking to him, and stolen to bed beside her friend, had not a sort of vague anxiety, a dread of something though she knew not what, still kept her nervously awaiting his approach.

While debating with herself whether she should not go down stairs to learn what detained him, she fancied she saw through the still open window, which commanded a view of the path that led from the back of the house into the forest, the figure of Edward gliding rapidly along amongst the trees.—The waning moon had but just risen above the horizon, but the stars were very bright, and fire-flies so numerous and so brilliant as greatly to increase the light. For a moment he was out of sight among the bushes; but again he reappeared, and that in a spot more open. She could not be mistaken,—his white summer dress and the large straw hat he wore made this impossible: it was certainly Edward; but where he could be going thus secretly, without even communicating his purpose to her, defied conjecture. She continued to watch him till he was out of sight, and then sat down again, not so much with the idea of awaiting his return, as to meditate upon the mysterious cause of his expedition. Whatever it might be, however, it was evident that Steinmark was acquainted with it; and this conviction reassured her so greatly, that she rose from her chair, determined to go to bed and to sleep, with the conviction that nothing could be wrong which he thought right.

As she gave one parting look, as she turned to go, at the solemn shades of that dark forest which she was about to leave forever, the remembrance of the midnight prayers of which it had been so often the temple, came to her mind; and at the same instant, the idea struck her, with all the force of conviction, that it was for this her brother was gone. It was the Sabbath night—it was the very hour at which his congregation were wont to meet—it was the last time he could ever raise his voice in prayer among them. It was for this he had stayed, it was for this the good Steinmark had delayed his departure, and it was for this he had spoken a farewell word in secret to each of his flock.

Inexpressibly affected by this idea, and feeling that his reason for excluding her from a scene, which they had hitherto so constantly and so delightfully enjoyed together, must be that he still thought some danger might be feared, from the persons who had so terrified her at Natchez, she instantly decided upon following him.

With noiseless steps, she descended the stairs, and passing through a slightly-fastened door into the farm-yard, she gained the path by which her brother had disappeared, unheard and unseen by any.

This path turned, before it penetrated the forest, in such a direction as to command the principal front of the house; and as Lucy looked towards it as she passed along, she perceived that the large windows of the common sitting-room were still lighted.

"They are waiting up for him," thought Lucy: "can I forgive them for endeavoring to make me less watchful and less careful of him than themselves?"

She walked as rapidly as the imperfect light would permit, through a very rough and unfrequented path; but when she arrived at length at the comparatively open space, where the prayer-meeting had always been held, she rejoiced most fervently, that she was not absent from the scene that met her view. Her heart had rightly suggested the object of Edward's secret walk—he was there, surrounded by the hapless beings to whom he had given hope unknown before. He had already concluded the prayer, in which with wispered cadence they were all wont to join, and was addressing to them a farewell, so full of pious feeling and tender love, that the strongest emotion was evinced by those he was about to leave;—sobs and groans interrupted him, while his own tears fell thick and fast upon his pallid cheeks.

Lucy gazed at the whole scene for a moment, and then unseen by any, emerged from the trees, and kneeled silently down behind her brother.

It must have been a hard and crabbed nature, that could have resisted the holy fervor and the deep melancholy of that parting scene.

Edward ceased—then once more raised his voice to implore a blessing on them, stretched out his arms and waved a last farewell, and turning at last with slow and lingering step to go, received the pale and weeping Lucy in his bosom.

Startled, but not displeased,—for now he believed indeed that no ambushed danger threatened them,—he drew her arm within his, and equally unable at that moment, either to give or receive explanation, they silently entered the covert of the forest in the direction that led to Reichland.

Before they had taken many steps, however, a pair of powerful arms seized Edward and held him pinioned; while a man armed with a pistol, started from the bushes into the path before them; and presenting the muzzle to the breast of Lucy, said in a whisper too low for the departing negroes to hear,—"Speak one word, or utter a single squeak, and by G—d the gal shall be shot dead before ye!"

These words contained a power more effectual than anything save death itself, for obtaining the silence demanded; and the party remained in the same attitude, and without a word being breathed by any of them, for many minutes. The man who held Edward, then said to his companion, "Peer out a spell, and see if the black beetles are off."

The man who held the pistol, obeyed this command, still keeping it, however, directed towards the prisoners; and in a few minutes resumed his post, saying—"Crawled off every varment of 'em."

"Now, then, for your rope, Hogstown; we'll bind this soft saint hand and foot, lest he might take a fancy to kicking; and as to the miss, I'll manage her in a jiffy—you've got no Choctaw guard now, my dear, to take your part."

"But a white man may do as well as a red one," cried Karl Steinmark, making his way through the bushes, and seizing the speaker by the collar.

Fortunately the other ruffian had laid his pistol on the ground, while he assisted in binding Edward; and as Karl was followed by his father and his two brothers, all well armed with bludgeons, the struggle was of no long duration. Karl caught up the almost fainting Lucy, and carried her off in his arms: Henrich seized upon the pistol; and Steinmark and Hermann, after releasing Edward, quietly led him away, merely informing their discomfited landlord, for it was no less a man, that if he or his companion approached them, the pistol should be instantly discharged.

Steinmark's first idea was, that there must be others still lying in ambush near them; but perceiving that the only two who had hitherto appeared, were walking off very rapidly in a contrary direction, he marshalled his own party into good marching order, and not thinking Lucy in a state to answer questions, endeavored to learn from Edward how it happened, that she was there, when he had so positively promised not to take her.

Of this imprudence, at least, it was easy for the agitated young man to clear himself; but when his friend said, "And where, Edward, are all the reasonings by which you proved so ably, that there could be no danger that this wretched Whitlaw should pursue you farther?" he was silent. He had, as he well knew, affected more confidence in the rich man's forgetting him amidst his new possessions than he felt; and he dared not say to Steinmark, that it had been less terrible to him to brave the chance of a martyrdom—which he had often prayed for—than leave the land without invoking a parting blessing on his forsaken people.

His meek silence availed him better, perhaps, than any defense could have done; and Frederic Steinmark only added in a tone of deep-felt satisfaction, "Well, well, young wrong-head, it is all very happily over; so no farther reprovings are necessary. But truly Lucy would find it advisable to attach to her daily service, a body-guard of stout Choctaws, if she remained in the country with you, Edward, for somehow or other you have contrived to render our hitherto peaceful forest, no very peaceable retreat for her."

Poor Edward felt the truth of this, and sighed deeply, but again he answered not; and the kind-hearted Steinmark held out his hand to him, saying, "Come, come, Bligh, I think we must all exchange indulgences. You must forgive me and my boys, for breaking parole and coming after you,—which, by the way, you would never have known if you had not needed it; and we must forgive you, now and forever, I suppose, for your rashness and pertinacity; and we must forgive this very naughty girl, if we can, for the risk she made us run of all being very miserable for her sake."

The tone in which this was said, produced its intended effect on Edward, for once more he looked up again; it rallied too the spirits of Lucy; and the whole party returned to the farm, with the happy consciousness of having escaped a great danger, and the happier feeling still, which resulted from knowing that a very few hours would take them forever, from the region where peril so treacherous might still be feared.

CHAPTER L.

On the night, or rather morning, in which Juno returned to her hut, after her laborious and fruitless progress among the members of Edward's congregation, she threw herself, in moody disappointment, on her bed, and lay there many hours, moaning and lamenting herself most piteously. From the dreadful hour in which she saw the last of that race, to whose idea she had clung with such pertinacious fanaticism of love, for more than fifty years—from that hour the image of the fair, dead girl had never left her brain. The sight had not driven her mad,—she would have suffered less if it had;—but, though her already shattered reason was not totally overthrown by it, her passions had been roused to a degree of violence that rendered her reason, such as it was, but little able to struggle with them.

It was grief, bitter but tender grief, which had bedewed the lovely corse with tears, when first she made the terrible discovery; but from the moment she discovered, by the perusal of the letter that poor Selina left, how great a share the ever-detested Whitlaw had in the tragedy, every other sentiment was merged in a longing, anxious, desperate craving for revenge. She knew—no one so well, for she had made it her occupation to watch him—how savage, how pitiful, how wanton, had been his use of the power, his weak and wicked patron had trusted to him. She knew that his very name was abhorred, and his approach shunned, almost as much from loathing as from fear.

How, then, could she doubt that she could find agents to do her will? How could she conceive that her influence over the black people, so boundless as it seemed on every point on which she chose to use it, should fail in persuading them to do that which she believed their own wrongs would gladly lead them to undertake without her.

But so it was; and this unexpected check to a purpose so fixed, a consummation which at one stroke, she meant should atone for all the sufferings of her long and wretched life, curdled her blood, and left her in a state as much more terrible than madness, as conscious agony is when compared to torpor.

When the bright rays of the noon-day sun streamed through the narrow windows of her hut, she rose, as if by instinct, and opened the door to admit the air and light more freely. She went not forth, as usual, into the populous fields, but sat down upon the ground, resting her back against the logs of her hut; and remained there uttering a low, plaintive moan throughout the day.

At night fall, after her allotted labors were completed, and her little girls fast asleep, Peggy walked over to visit her. It was rarely that so many hours passed, without the old woman's coming to bestow some of her idleness in Peggy's wash-house; and, in addition to a friendly wish to know if illness had kept her at home, the proud but sorrowing mother of Phebe longed to talk to one, who knew so much as Juno, of the glory and happiness about to befall her child, as well as of the bitter grief it cost her.

She found the old woman weak from want of food, and exhausted both in body and mind by the strong agony she had endured. Without this friendly visit, and the aid administered during the course of it, it is probable that old Juno would not have survived that night. A morsel of bread, however, and a little dose of the universal panacea, rum, so far restored her, that she was able to speak of Phebe, her hopes and her happiness.

"Lament not for her going, woman!—it would be less sinfully selfish were you to wish to feast upon her heart's blood, than to desire to keep her in this accursed land of whips and chains, and infamy—innocent infamy, !—infamy, blacker than hell, and that no negro virtue can ever atone or wipe out!—You are no mother, Peggy, if you wish to keep her here, only that you may look upon her shame and misery."

"I do not, Juno,—God knows I do not; and I will bless you with my latest breath for having done this great thing for her."

Juno accepted these thanks, and felt that she deserved them—and so far there was "excellent sympathy" between them. But not a word did the moody and miserable woman say to the patient Christian slave who so gratefully and assiduously attended her, of the dark wishes—hopes perhaps no longer—over which her soul brooded; for she shrewdly guessed that she should find no sympathy for them. But she listened patiently, if not with a very lively interest, to all the news that Peggy had to tell; among which the intended departure of the Blighs with the Steinmark family, made a distinguished figure.

"Is that true, Peggy?" said the old woman, abruptly.

"It was my Phebe told me so,—and she's not given to lying, Juno,"

"If Phebe said it, it is true, and I thank God for it," replied Juno; "though it is like thanking him for hiding from us the last gleam of light and hope that was left us. Yet I do thank God for it. Their young lives will be saved thereby, and the infernal wretch will thirst for their blood in vain."

"What blood, Juno?—come, get to bed!—you shake and tremble, and your head seems wandering; you have fasted too long to-day, Juno. Now Phebe is gone from us, I must teach my little Sally to come over for a spell every day to look after you: I am sure you've been a friend to me and mine, and you must not be neglected."

"That's well, that's well.—thank ye, dear Peggy; and now go, and I will shut the door after you. I hope they will not come to me,—I would not see that pretty, fair white girl again—no, it would drive me mad!"

It was probably this dread of seeing Lucy, and of her bringing fresh to her mind again, as she had often done, the idea of her own beautiful descendants, which induced old Juno to refuse them entrance, when on the following day the brother and sister took her hut, in the circuit of farewell visitings, which they made among the Christian part of the slave population of Paradise Plantation; and this same feeling might have contributed, with other gloomy and unsocial thoughts, to keep her during the whole of the Sabbath day and night from all her usual haunts.

But early on the Monday morning, almost before the sun was fully risen, her old habit of restlessness seemed to return upon her, and she rambled out into the dewy forest behind her hut, feeling refreshed and invigorated by the long-accustomed air and exercise from which she had for several days abstained.

Either unconsciously, or it might be to meet the pleasant freshness of that open space, Juno directed her steps to the spot where, but a few hours before, Edward Bligh and his sister had so nearly lost their freedom or their lives. All was profoundly still there; and she seated herself upon the stump of a tree, with her chin resting as heretofore upon her faithful bamboo, meditating on the words of hope and patience, which she had so often heard the young preacher pronounce in that dark spot.

While thus buried in thought, and as unconscious of the vicinity of human beings as if she had been alone in the universe, a sound like a distant shout startled her ear.

"What is that?" said she, starting up; "are the fiends making holiday because the holy man is gone?"

Another and another prolonged "hurrah!" found its way through the still air, and onward and onward the fierce sound came. Juno felt stupified. The sun was even now but struggling through the morning mists, and the very slaves were not as yet led out to labor. Then whence and from whom the sound, which, louder than the struggling multitude of a great city could create, unless under circumstances of some terrible excitement, now rolled along the solitude of the forest."

A thought occurred to the aged negress, that for a moment brought back, as by the touch of enchantment, all the strength and energy that she had lately lost.

"They are in insurrection!" she exclaimed aloud in an accent of the wildest ecstasy: "Onward! onward! brave and desperate men!—onward! onward!—We will join you, every soul of us, the whole five hundred!—Onward! onward!" and then added, in a hollow whisper,—"Whitlaw! I shall have thee at last!"

The sound of voices was now accompanied by that of numerous footsteps; and she felt that, be they what they might, in another moment she would be in the midst of them, unless she sought shelter within the numerous masses of underwood that surrounded the place.

Sure as she felt that they were negroes and friends who approached, a mixture of caution and curiosity induced her to conceal herself while they passed, that she might thus at vantage, look out upon their strength and learn their object.

Such a shelter as she sought was easily found; and trembling with eagerness and hope, old Juno ensconced herself behind a bush, and awaited the result.

She waited not long. In front of the noisy throng marched four men, each holding high a pole, from whence projected transversely a piece of timber, connecting each with each; and from the frame thus formed, dangled the effigies of two men, evidently intended to represent the process of hanging. The one of these represented a man in the dress of a clergyman, the other bore the black visage of a negro.

Disappointment had assailed poor Juno in so many ways, that it seemed, as she would have herself expressed it, to have become her natural food. She retained her situation till the whole of Edward's "Temple," as he was wont to call it, was completely filled with the lowest rabble of Natchez; and perceiving that they meant to make a halt there, she prepared to depart, certain that no noise she might make in doing so, could reach the ears of those who were vociferating so vehemently themselves.

Her purpose was, however, immediately changed when she remarked two or three men, whose dress proclaimed them of a higher station in society than the rest, step forward from the crowd and prepare to harangue them.

One of these she instantly recognized as Whitlaw; and another of them was Hogstown, with whose person she was also well acquainted. It was Whitlaw who addressed the party first. His speech was violent, and by no means badly calculated to inflame the passions of a white mob, in a country where no night closes in without a thrilling fear that ere morning their wretched, feared, and hated slaves should rise in mutiny, and take a bloody vengeance for all they had suffered. He asserted broadly, that numerous gangs of slaves had recently been urged to insurrection, and indiscriminate murder of the white population, by harangues uttered on the very spot where they then stood, by a fanatic advocate for emancipation, called Bligh, supported, protected, and seconded, by a German family of abolitionists called Steinmark.

"These, my friends," he concluded,—"these base white instigators, unworthy of their color and their station, must be the objects of your just vengeance. Yourselves, your wives, your children, are not to be murdered with impunity, by the ignorant black nigger-agents of these Blighs and Steinmarks, without due vengeance taken on their treacherous heads. I must here leave you, my friends; but you know my feelings, and you known my power. My friend, Mr. Hogstown, who has accompanied you thus far, will explain to you better than I can do the nature of the duty you are upon—and also the zeal and liberality with which it shall be not only protected but requited."

This speech, which had been got up with very considerable care, from various sources of popular eloquence, was listened to and welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm.

Whitlaw then retreated towards his home; and Hogstown came forward and took his place. His speech was more extemporaneous, and considerably less decorated with any figures of rhetoric, save those of slang; but he rushed with great spirit into the middle of his subject at once, giving the most precise instructions how they were to proceed, after arriving at Reichland.

Old Juno, whose seventy odd years had brought not the slightest injury to the sense of hearing, which, in her survived, in its full acuteness, every other, here gave the most earnest attention to the speaker's words—and they were words of terror. Edward Bligh and the venerable Steinmark, were marked for public ignominy and death; the two young women that would be found with them, were, on no account, to be suffered to depart, but made prisoners, and committed to the hands of their noble friend and patron, Mr. Whitlaw; while the young Steinmarks, who were likely to make a mischievous and obstinate resistance, were to be mown down, indiscriminately, without giving quarter to any of them.

Mr. Hogstown then began to dilate at considerable length on the subject of pillage: his instructions were at once liberal and minute, and seemed calculated to give satisfaction to all.

Old Juno seized this opportunity to escape from her retreat. Spite of age and greatly-increased infirmity, every nerve was now braced to the enterprise of reaching Reichland before the mob. Her inequality in point of strength was terrible; but in some other respects she had greatly the advantage of her powerful competitors. She knew

"——— Each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell, of that wild wood,
And every bosky bower from side to side,
Her daily walks, and ancient neighborhood."

And she knew that the beaten path into which they would inevitably fall, soon after leaving this remote and abandoned clearing, would lead them indeed to Reichland, but by a wide and beaten wagon-track, at least twice as long as that she should trace by going across a small morass, which afforded safe treading, however, for one who knew it as well as she did.

With an energy which seemed to herself like inspiration, she set off, and far from having overrated the advantage her knowledge of the ground would give, she reached the house ere the head of the advancing squadron had arrived half way to it. But what a scene greeted her!—The whole family, with their two remaining servants, (for the Germans had all been sent forward with the baggage,) and guests, were assembled upon the lawn, waiting for the horses, which Cæsar was in the very act of bringing round to fasten to the wagon, into which the laughing Lotte had already sprung. Hope and happiness shone in every eye, till even Edward's seemed to catch a mild reflection of it.

The old woman appeared to have lost the power of speaking, by the rapid pace at which she had walked,—she stood still when she got into the midst of them, and wrung her hands. There was not one of them who did not believe that she was there to bid them an affectionate but melancholy farewell. Phebe, only, saw something in her manner that seemed in its agony beyond any sorrow she could feel at parting, and hastily leaving the packages she was about to place in the wagon, on the grass beside it, she approached her old friend, and seizing her hands, said, hastily—"Juno! Juno! speak, for God's sake! What have you got to say?"——

"Murder! murder!" replied the poor, old woman, panting most painfully; they will all be murdered within twenty minutes if they do not hide or fly!"

"Master! master!" shrieked Phebe, "come and hear her!—Master Edward! fly!—It is you! it is you!"

"It is all," cried Juno, recovering her voice so as to be heard by every one of them; "a hideous mob is on the road to destroy you all: Edward, Edward Bligh is their first object—then the good Steinmark—then the women—then the young, comely sons—all! all!"

"Oh! were it only me!" cried Edward, in dreadful agony.

"How near are they, Juno? said Frederic Steinmark, looking pale, but in a voice of perfect composure.

"It may be at the distance of half a mile."

"Hermann," resumed the father, "you are swift of foot,—fly quickly, and bring Clio Whitlaw hither: say only it is I who want her.—Cæsar, put to the horses instantly; Lotte, do not stir; Mary, Lucy, Phebe, get into the wagon, and you, Edward, with them. Drive, Cæsar, to the back gate of Whitlaw's premises, and wait for me there."

The women were in the wagon in an instant, but Edward lingered. Frederic gave him a look as stern as his countenance could assume, and said, "Edward! will you delay us!"

The unhappy young man obeyed; but in doing so, tasted the bitterest pang of his painful life. "That he,—he, who as his heart told him was the cause of all,—that he, in the sight of the woman he loved, should be thus forced to shelter himself beside her, while her father, lover, brothers, were left to encounter danger caused by him!"—he might have exclaimed with truth, as he hid his head between his hands, "The bitterness of death is past!"

They had hardly proceeded ten steps, when Clio came running to meet them. Steinmark seized her arms, in a manner at once to command her attention, and to prevent her beginning a string of questions that might not speedily finish.

"My good Clio," said he, "we are beset by a deadly peril—such as yourself predicted. A mob from Natchez is within a few minutes' distance of our house. Will you save these helpless women, Clio, by concealing them in the loft in which your goods are stowed?"

"Will I?—Oh, Jesus, yes! And if they kill me instead, what matters, Mr. Steinmark? One can die but once.—But wait a spell, for the love of God. Sister Whitlaw isn't up yet, that's jam; and brother's away for his bitters to the Eagle: but the niggers—you must bide while I send the niggers off,—some one way, some another, musn't I?"

"No, Clio. The wagon, with the women, is already at the gate of your yard; hasten, then, good Clio, and place them, and the poor youth with them, as best you can,—your premises will not be suspected; and I will speak to your slaves."

Steinmark, his sons, and young Sigismond then proceeded, in a body, to the Mount Etna mansion, about which many negroes, both male and female, were employed. Frederic called them round him, and in few words told them that a mob from Natchez, determined to execute Lynch-law upon him and his family, in consequence of their known hatred to slavery, were now within a few paces of his house. "Your good mistress, Clio, is willing to conceal our women if possible;—"will you betray us?"

"No, massa!—no; niggers die first!" was the impressive reply.

"Now, then, Cæsar, drive the wagon back, and appear to be packing the furniture in it; and when you are questioned, say that the family are gone. And now, my sons," continued Frederic, addressing Sigismond also as one of them, "I think the dearer part of ourselves is safe. Young Whitlaw is at the bottom of this, depend upon it; and the mob, paid probably by him, will not be likely to attack the warehouse of his father. As for ourselves, I do not believe it possible they would seek to take our lives; and our best course will be, I think, to walk into the woods in a contrary direction to that which leads to Natchez. They will be long occupied in examining and pilfering the house; and by the help of our local knowledge here, it is very likely that we shall not encounter them."

As he spoke, the whole party moved rapidly on in the direction he pointed out; and by the time the bearers of the gallows had reached the lawn at Reichland, all those they came to seek there had disappeared.

Old Juno had placed herself on the ground as soon as she saw the family depart, for at that moment all power to stand seemed to forsake her; but when she remarked the well-assumed air of busy indifference with which Cæsar appeared to be employing himself about the wagon, she got up and joined him in his employment.

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